THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 9355. Single Number 5 Cents.

FOUND AND LOST.

The toil of the dreary years is over,
  Past are the waves of the perilous sea,
Home have I come, the exile, the rover—
  Alice, hast thou no welcome for me?
Past is the labor, past is the danger;
  Sweet was the suffering, sweet for thee;
Spite of oceans between us, thou ne'er wert a stranger—
  Never, my darling, wert far from me!

Near to me ever thy bright eyes beaming,
  Shone like a star o'er my dreary way;
They fired me to labor; all idle dreaming
  They bade me cease, and with deeds obey.
For oft my spirit grew faint with longing,
  Sad despair to my soul would come,
And oft there mocked me, like phantoms thronging,
  Visions of lost delights of home.

Bitter it was, unfriended, lonely,
  Unknown, in that unknown land to be;
One thought upheld me, and but one only;
  Darling, was it not all for thee?
Exile and toil, they now are over,
  Now that I fold thee close to my heart;
What was the past but a veil to cover
  The light of these joys which shall ne'er depart?

Has it not gone beyond all returning?
  Weep not, then, for the past, O sweet!
Pride and joy in my bosom are burning—
  See, the treasure I place at thy feet!
True, it is only dross—I know it;
  Idle wealth, but then gained *for thee;*
I did but toil at thy feet to throw it;
  Spurn not this offering, love, from me!

What! "not worthy of me," my Alice?
  Alice, my queen with the golden hair!
The sunbeam trembles in shame as he dallies—
  Dallies with thee, so proudly fair!
What! "not worthy?" hark how, at thy jesting,
  The birds laugh low to the laughing breeze;
Banish the shade on thy bright face resting!
  Tears—nay, mock me not, love, with these!

Speak to me, sweet—O reassure me,
  Press thy lips to this fevered brow!
Idle must be the fear that comes o'er me,
  Heaven no more can send suffering now!
Alice, my own, what word hast thou spoken?
  "Seek another more worthy than *thee!*
Thy love departed," our vows all broken!
  Speak, my Alice, it cannot be!

Listen, my own: through all that befell me,
  Strength to suffer I found in thy love—
Cruel, cruel; why, darling, tell me,
  Hopes so fond must all idle prove?
Better far it were to have perished,
  Whelmed in the waves of the kindly sea,
Than thus to have lost the *all* that I cherished;
  Alice, my life was only in *thee!*

"Hate thee," Alice! "my love departed!"
  Would that it might, since thine is o'er!
Nay, my lost one, though broken-hearted,
  Yet shall I love for evermore!
Ay, let it be—gone, lost for ever!
  Would that I thus could bury the past!
God forgive thee! but when hearts sever,
  Bitterness comes to *both* at last!

T. H. S. Escott.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXI.

IN LOVE.

On awaking the next morning, I found a new and comfortable suit of clothes in the place where I had left my old ones; and I rightly conjectured that the good Father Gabriel had been present during my sleep, seeing after my temporal, if not my spiritual, welfare. Believing they were intended for me, I put them on, and found them a very excellent fit. It went somewhat against my conscience to think that I might wear them in deadly conflict with the friends of those who had provided them; but I in a measure consoled myself with the reflection that I should be acting according to duty and really for the future welfare of Mexico.

After sipping a refreshing cup of chocolate, which a servant brought to my chamber, I made my toilet, and repaired to the *sala*, where I found Forbes, who had risen before me, in close conversation with Father Gabriel. On seeing me, both came forward; and after the first exchange of friendly greetings, the priest observed:

"My son, you look every way improved from your appearance last night."

"And I assure you, good father, I feel as much improved as I look," I cordially replied; "and I beg leave, for the present, to tender you my thanks for the agreeable change, hoping it may some time be in my power to serve you in return."

"My son," pursued the priest, in a low tone, "I have learned, from la Dona Raquel and your friend here, that it is really your intention to follow your comrades."

"I think it my duty to go forward; and though I know you are opposed to my cause, I trust you are too generous a man to take advantage of my frankness and put insurmountable obstacles in my way."

"But mark you, my son!" returned Father Gabriel, seriously; "I have taken more than a passing interest in you; and as you would only go forward to certain death, I feel that my conscience would approve of my detaining you."

"But you will not, father?" said I, laying my hand upon his arm.

He looked me steadily in the eye for a few moments, while his fingers played nervously with the cross at his girdle; and then glancing cautiously around, he lowered his voice, and said:

"You are a gallant young man, and I honor you for it. Were I not a priest, I should be a soldier; and were I soldier, I should fight only for the freedom of Mexico."

"How!" exclaimed I, in surprise, glancing from the priest to my friend, whose quiet smile assured me that the sentiments of the former were not unknown to him.

"Even so," said Father Gabriel, grasping my hand. "I am with you, heart and soul, and so is Father Fabian, and many others I might name. But not a word of this, as you value our lives! for we are surrounded by Royalists, who, if they could read our hearts, would not scruple to deal harshly with us. General Mina has more sympathizers, my son, than he is aware of; but many of them have fortunes and families; and until they can see a hope of triumph for the Patriots, they fear to hazard life, fortune, and friends."

"But if they would come boldly forward, we could certainly conquer," said I.

"The whole is made up of parts—an army of individuals," answered the priest; "and as each part is not the whole, each individual not the army, so each sees only in himself so small a part that he knows his own personal aid can give no certainty of success, and he fears to stake all he has on so desperate a venture. Only let Mina be fortunate enough to win one great battle, and within a month from that date he shall count his army by thousands instead of hundreds."

"Then so much the more need that we hasten forward to lend him our aid," said I. "But, good father, you talked very differently to me last night—were you then afraid to trust me?"

"I thought it as well to try you, my son, for we cannot be too cautious in these troublous times."

He then said if we had determined to go forward—(a proceeding which he would not advise—for though wedded heart and soul to our cause, he was not blind to its dangers, and this appeared to him like a deliberate, certain sacrifice,)—we should find a couple of high-spirited horses in the stable, which we could at any time take away on pretence of going forth merely for a short ride.

"We must keep up appearances," pursued the priest, "for every household may have its spies; and therefore when you depart, let there be nothing to indicate that you do not intend to return in a few hours; and the less you say of your intentions to any one, the better for all."

At this moment Dona Raquel entered the hall, followed by Dona Lucrecia, and both came forward and cordially embraced us in the true Spanish fashion. Next came Carlota and Benita, hand in hand, both simply but neatly dressed, and both looking somewhat pale and sad, but very lovely.

Ours was the warm greeting and cordial embrace of the sunny clime of the South; and as I held Benita to my heart, I felt her light form tremble, and experienced emotions myself that there was no mistaking. I remembered how soon we were to part, perhaps never to meet again on earth, and for the time I found my resolution waver under the temptation to remain and be happy with one who loved me with all the fervor and devotion of the first and only love of a noble and true hearted girl. Involuntarily, as I reflected, I sighed, and the heaving breast of Benita gave a gentle but silent response. Drawing me a little aside, she whispered:

"Dear Edmondo, I know all. You are going to leave me soon, and I have sad forebodings that I shall never behold you again."

"Do not despair, dearest Benita," I replied, "but hope for the best—hope for a glorious meeting amid a jubilant rejoicing *for* the freedom of Mexico!"

"But why need you go, dear Edmondo? You are looked upon as dead by your comrades—your support could avail them but little—and besides, as they are two days in advance, and marching rapidly over a wild country, surrounded by their foes, how can you and your friend expect to find them without a guide, or overtake them without a relay of horses?"

"I feel it is our duty to make the attempt, Benita, and for the rest we must trust to that overruling Providence whose will is fate. We shall need no guide to enable us to follow the broad trail of three hundred mounted men; and though they are two days in advance, yet I think we can travel enough faster to overtake them within a week at least."

"But the country swarms with your enemies, and if you fall into their hands I fear you will be slain at once."

"There is danger on the route, dear Benita, I will not deny; but honor, which is dear to every man who has a soul above baseness, whispers it is our duty to follow after our noble leader, because of the weakness of his force. Had he gone forward with a conquering army, to march in triumph upon the Capital, no ambition for glory and fame should tempt me to follow him; and I would gladly remain with one in whose sweet presence I find a happiness that I have never found elsewhere; but weak as is his strength—betrayed by some in whom he put faith—deserted by others—I feel in honor bound to hazard all I hold dear and give him my feeble support at any sacrifice."

"And great is the sacrifice, dearest Benita," continued I, leading her to a distant seat, placing myself by her side, and speaking in the low, tremulous tone of deep emotion; "great is the sacrifice I make in leaving you, who feel so deep an interest in my welfare, and in whose sweet presence I find a joy that has long been a stranger to my heart!"

"Oh, these words from you, who have so nobly saved me from a life of servitude and misery!" murmured Benita, clasping her hands and raising her soft, dark eyes to mine, with a look of rapt devotion. "May the great God, the saints, and all holy intelligences bless and preserve you!" she continued with fervor. And then taking a small golden crucifix and chain from her neck, a present from Dona Raquel, she placed it around mine, and added: "Let this be your amulet of *safety*, which has been sacredly blessed in the name of the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe!"

"Though not of your faith, dearest Benita," said I, "and though not possessing your belief in the virtue of this token, yet, as the gift of one bright being whom I need not scruple to say I hold dearer than any other on earth, I will ever wear next to my heart and sacredly guard it with my life.

"Dear Benita," I continued, quietly taking her hand, while she looked down and trembled violently, "we are about to part—and when and where we may meet again, the great God only knows; but I would say with my farewell, that you have inspired a love which no vicissitudes of life can ever change. As men count time, it is true, we have known each other but a few hours; but that time has been sufficient to show each the soul of the other, and make known the fact which years could no more than develope, that we both love with that love which, through its purity, is sacred even among angels. I will not at this moment conceal from you that I once loved another—or at least thought I did—and loved more wildly, more passionately, more madly than now; but it was a fiery, jealous, exacting passion, which could never have brought contentment and happiness, even had it not been fixed upon an unworthy object.

"And that fiery love, or mad passion," I went on, "after rending and tearing my very soul, was one of the means of causing me to leave my native land, and seek relief for an aching heart in the wild strife of war, on a foreign soil, little caring whether I might win a soldier's fame or find an early grave. With all my early hopes blasted, my faith in the truth and devotion of woman weakened, I almost swore I would never trust my affections to another of the fickle sex; and that resolution remained unshaken till chance or Providence threw us together.

"You remember how we met—you know what has followed that meeting. I found in you a poor, miserable orphan like myself, even more cast off from the world than I; and first came sympathy, with the sweet thrill of something pure and sacred; and then love, with the holy calm of something heavenly; and the more I looked upon you, talked with you, and studied your very heart, your innermost being, the more I became satisfied that if truth and purity were not to be found in you, these noble virtues were not in any of woman born. Notwithstanding my sad experience in the deceit and hollow-heartedness of mankind, I thank Heaven I can honestly and conscientiously say, I do not believe it possible for Benita Morilla to play me false under any circumstances; and if I thought otherwise, I would court danger for danger's sake, and bless the bullet or steel which should rid me of a miserable existence."

"Oh, I thank you, from my innermost soul, for this confidence in my integrity!" she rejoined, looking up earnestly and lovingly through her tears; "and oh, dear Edmondo! my deliverer! my preserver! my hope! my life! would to Heaven I could prove this to you by any sacrifice! Tell me to follow you—nay, even bid me I *may* follow you—though it be to a dungeon or to death, and I will instantly forsake everything to be with you, and bless you for the permission!"

"What!" said I, in a low, tremulous voice, as I involuntarily threw my arm around her and drew her closer to my heart; "would you really forsake the home you have acquired, the friends by whom surrounded, and the fortune you have in prospective, to link your destiny with one who is at best but a homeless adventurer?"

"Yes, dear Edmondo, all—all—everything!" she eagerly replied. "Oh, can I go? will you take me with you?"

"No, no, dear Benita—I would not be so selfish, so cruel, even were I bound for scenes of peace and safety, instead of scenes of war and peril! No, thank God! you have found a home and friends; and however adverse my own fate may be, it will always give me a bright joy, even in the darkest hour of gloom, to know that the dearest prize I have on earth is safe!"

"But, dear Edmondo, if you can find pleasure in thinking that I am safe, do not forget that for me, as regards yourself, there will be a long, sad, dreary uncertainty; and I may never hear from you again, or hear that which will make me a wretched mourner the rest of my days!"

"Let us hope for the best, dear Benita. The thought of parting from you is very painful; but I could never be satisfied with myself—I should, in fact, forever feel dishonored—were I to remain idly here, and leave my brave companions to struggle onward, exposed to a thousand perils, and make no effort to assist them or share their dangers."

"And these dangers will be fatal to you, dear Edmondo!" sobbed Benita; "it is that I fear. But go!" she added, a moment after; "and the blessings of the saints, and the prayers of the poor orphan, go with you! I am but a poor girl, and feel I have no right to detain you, however painful may be your absence, and I would not counsel you to do anything that you think dishonorable."

"I will go, dear Benita; but I will return—something tells me I shall return—and we will meet again and be the happier for the separation."

She sighed deeply, and shook her head sadly; but I persisted in affirming my belief in a happy reunion, and at last she appeared to become reconciled to the separation. Shortly after, a servant summoned us to breakfast; and as I led Benita down to the other end of the hall, I cautioned her against making any remark that might indicate my intentions; for though I knew it must be known to all, who took an interest in my friend and myself, that we were about to set forth to overtake our comrades, yet I also knew it was the wish of Father Gabriel, and probably of each of the others, that no direct allusion should be made to such an event, lest there might be some to hear who would report it to the scandal of those who passed as Royalists, whether they were so at heart or not.

The morning's meal passed off almost in silence, each seeming busy with thoughts that no one cared to communicate to the rest. I noticed that Carlota looked pale and sad, and my friend gloomy and depressed, and I rightly conjectured there had been a scene between them not unlike what I have detailed of Benita and myself. When we had all pushed back from the table, thus indicating that the meal was finished, Forbes carelessly remarked, in the hearing of the servants, that he now felt so much improved in health and strength as to fancy he might be benefitted by a short ride on horseback; and if I would join him, he doubted not that our kind hostess could be prevailed upon to loan us a couple of saddled animals.

"All I have is yours to command, Senores," replied Dona Raquel, with true Spanish politeness. "There are several gay mustangs in a field hard by, and you will honor me by selecting a couple to your liking."

"There are a couple nearer," observed Father Gabriel—"I had them stabled and grained for a certain purpose—but if they will suit my young friends, a couple of others will answer my purpose as well."

"Nay, good father, do not let us put you to any inconvenience," said I.

"Not in the least, my son—you are welcome to ride the animals; and really I do not think I shall use them to-day if you do not."

"There is one drawback to my venturing forth after all," observed Forbes; "I wear the uniform of a Rebel officer; and it would not be pleasant, while riding out for mere pleasure, to be taken for an enemy and a spy by some chance party of government soldiers."

"Nay, if it comes to that, I can furnish you with a citizen's dress, of which we chance to have several not in use," replied Dona Raquel.

"I see I have only to name a wish to have it gratified," returned Forbes.

This conversation, as the reader is aware, was carried on for a certain effect; and as soon as our purpose was accomplished, the party broke up, and the ladies retired, taking leave of us only by certain looks, which on the part of Benita and Carlota were more eloquent than words.

It was really the wish of my friend, for the reasons mentioned, to change his uniform for a citizen's dress, which would not be so certain to betray us; and retiring to his chamber, where every thing had been previously provided by Father Gabriel, he in due time returned to the *sala*, in all the glory of a sugar-loaf *sombrero*, a button-ornamented *saqueta*, slashed and laced *calzones*, snowy *camisa* and *calzoncillos*, with spurs of enormous weight strapped around a pair of colored boots. I needed only to add the spurs to be his exact counterpart in dress, and both of us could in appearance pass for well-to-do Mexican *caballeros*.

Thus equipped, with a brace of pistols secured out of sight, we privately received the blessings of the priests, and sauntered into the *patio*, where a couple of *mozos* stood holding our horses.

"Do not ride far, my son," said Father Fabian to my friend, "for you must not forget how near you have recently been to death's door."

"Get a good appetite for your dinner, and then come back and try a bottle or two of respectable wine with us," said Father Gabriel.

"We will try to prepare ourselves to do justice to your dinner and your wine," returned I, as I threw myself into the saddle.

I looked around, hoping to catch another glimpse of Benita—but I looked in vain. Oh! what would I not have given for even one more glance, perhaps the last, of her sweet, sad face! But we were all playing a part, and it was hers not to be visible to me then—nor, as stern fate had decreed, for many a long, sad, miserable day to follow.

The gate being now open, we waved our apparently cheerful adieu to our clerical friends, and set forth on a journey that was destined to lead us through scenes of terrible vicissitude, peril and suffering.

CHAPTER XXII.

EL VALLE DE MAIS.

As a detail of our progress would be tedious to the reader, I shall be pardoned for passing over the route taken by our commander with as few words as possible. The weather was parching dry and intensely hot—for the long rainy season had not yet set in—and as a consequence, both ourselves and horses suffered greatly from oppressive heat and want of water, the beds of the ordinary streams being without a single drop of the liquid element.

We managed to follow the trail of our little army without difficulty; and besides finding good grazing for our horses, we succeeded in procuring one or two meals a day for ourselves, at the different ranchos and haciendas we passed on the route, the inmates evidently not suspecting us of being Patriot soldiers in disguise. Once or twice we saw small parties of Royalist troops in the distance; but we pursued our way quietly; and if they saw us, they doubtless mistook us for ordinary travellers, and did not offer to molest us.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred till we reached the bank of the Altamira, near a town called Horcasitas; where, to our great joy, we learned from a peasant that the troops of General Mina had forded the river only a few hours previously and were less than five leagues in advance of us. This was indeed cheering news, for both ourselves and animals were completely worn down with fatigue and want of proper food, and only the day before we had begun to despair of being able to overtake them, so long and rapid had been their march each day.

The ford of the Altamira at this point was dangerous, and we subsequently learned that a lieutenant and his horse had been swept down the rapids and drowned. We crossed, however, without accident; and turning down the bank of the river, we pushed our jaded animals forward with what speed we could; and before night, to our rapturous delight, we came in sight of our friends, who were encamped at a well known hacienda, about five leagues below the town already named.

As we rode up with a shout, a detachment, sent out for the purpose of catching horses, was just in the act of entering the place from the opposite side, with a large herd of some seven hundred, which they had captured on a neighboring plantation, where they had been collected for the service of our enemies.

I need not dwell upon the meeting with my friends, who had long regarded me as belonging to another world. Suffice it to say, that I was hailed as a gallant comrade by all, and greeted with the warm affection of a brother by a few. The General was delighted to see me alive, and highly complimented both Forbes and myself on what he was pleased to term our noble gallantry in pushing forward alone to join our comrades.

"As you are one from the dead, Lieutenant Lauraus," he said to me, with a smile, "and are not on our roll, and have been superceded in your corps, it will afford me great pleasure to see you doff that Mexican dress, and don the uniform of my staff, to which I have now the honor to appoint you."

"Your Excellency is very kind," returned I, with a profound bow, "and I am more than repaid, by your flattering approbation, for the little I have done."

"Would to Heaven I had a thousand more like you!" he rejoined, with warmth; "I would seek no further aid to take the Capital itself."

The joy of my friend Maitland, as was natural it should be, on seeing me restored to him, was most excessive. He embraced me ardently; he wrung my hand; he wept; he laughed; he danced; he shouted; and, in fact, he seemed for the time, what I am inclined to believe he was, fairly mad with delight.

"To think, my dear, dear Ned," he exclaimed, in one of his outbursts of feeling, "that I have you again by my side! and Jack here with you, too, whom I feared I should never see again! Oh, my joy is greater than I can express! There

is wanting but one other to turn my poor brain with rapture; and the sight of you both brings up the recollection so vividly, that I seem to be now in her lovely home on the flowery Island of Hayti."

"And we have each of us found a Corina since we saw you, my dear fellow!" replied I.

"No! no!" returned my friend, enthusiastically; "not a Corina—you have not found a Corina—for there is but one on the broad face of this green earth."

"Then we must lay claim to having found her superior—eh! Don Juan?" laughed I, turning to Forbes and giving him his Spanish title.

"Earth holds but one Carlota," sighed Forbes, with a crimson blush.

"And only one Benita ever left her starry realm to come among mortals!" said I.

"Ah! is it so?" rejoined Maitland. "Well, come to my quarters and tell me your news."

Maitland, in the absence of Forbes, his superior officer, had been assigned the command of a small company of infantry; and repairing to his quarters, in one of the out-buildings of the hacienda, we took some needful refreshment; and then forming a circle with several of our more intimate companions, we spent two or three hours in relating our different adventures and in canvassing the hopes and prospects of the expedition. My story naturally excited the most profound interest, and many were the hearty congratulations I received on my wonderful escape.

Among the privates there was no one more astonished and delighted to see me than Ben Hardy, the Kentuckian. His brawny hand grasped mine with a gripe that I seem to feel even now; and I could see a tear glisten in his eye, as he said, with a sort of laugh:

"Leftenant, if I aint glad to see you back alive, then jest ain't me in a hoss-pond and rub off the name of old Kaintuck from my memory."

"And I have to thank you and your friend here," replied I, turning to Hawkins, who, though he said less and displayed less emotion than Hardy, I was certain felt as much delight at my escape as was in the nature of one of so cold a temperament—"I have to thank you both for saving one as dear to me as my own life."

"You mean the gal?" rejoined Ben. "Yes, she was a screamer, and no mistake! You ought to jest seen how she went on about you—though, poor critter, we couldn't understand nary word she said. Yes, she felt awful bad, sir-ee! Well, I toted her down—at least the old hoss and me did—to Soto la Marina; but thar we come across a priest, and she wanted to go with him. I didn't much like to let her at fust; but I gin in, and she went; and I tell you, Leftenant, I war right powerful glad to meet her agin, and see her in snug quarters, at a hacienda whar we camped a few nights ago."

"Yes," returned I, "the mistress of that plantation is a wealthy widow, who knew her parents years ago; and she has not only taken the poor girl under her protection, but has adopted her, and she is now the prospective heiress of her fortune."

"Them's trumps!" said Ben, emphatically, with a grin of satisfaction. And a moment or two after he added, with an oath: "And that thar gal's a screamer!"

The immediate command of General Mina, at the time of my rejoining it, numbered only about three hundred, including officers and privates—one hundred of his men remaining at the fort, thrown up on the bank of the Santander, just below Soto la Marina, to protect the guns and military stores, which a hurried march had compelled the General to leave behind him. The present division was all mounted, in order to march more rapidly and save the men; but nearly all the horses were worn down; so that the capture of the beasts I have mentioned, was a perfect godsend to our little force, aside from being a great annoyance to the Royalists, already in pursuit of us, whose animals were in a similar condition to ours.

For several days we continued our march, mostly in the night; and, with the exception of losing our driven horses, we met with no incident worthy of special record till we neared the flourishing town of El Valle de Maiz; when a peasant brought us the intelligence that a large body of the enemy was just in advance of us, and was making his threats that we should never enter the place alive. Nothing daunted by this, we pushed rapidly forward; and when within some three or four leagues of the town, we came in sight of some two hundred cavalry, posted in an advantageous position on an eminence commanding the road we were pursuing.

As the enemy seemed really determined to make a stand here and bar our progress, General Mina, as soon as we drew near enough, resolved to act on the offensive. The whole division was accordingly halted, and the infantry ordered to dismount and prepare for action. Then selecting some ten or fifteen of the best marksmen, from the Guard of Honor and the Regiment of the Union, to act as light troops, he placed them under the command of Captain Forbes, with orders to enter a thicket, where the enemy's left flank rested, and dislodge it. The order was obeyed with alacrity, the rest of us remaining in position, ready to act according to circumstances.

With breathless interest we watched our friends disappear, and anxiously listened for the opening volley. We were not long kept in suspense, and the sharp crack of a dozen rifles announced that the work of death had begun. We could see a strong commotion among the Mexican troops, and it was generally believed that they were preparing for a desperate charge. But while we stood looking, another round and another was poured into them; and then, to our great surprise, we saw them suddenly disappear over the brow of the hill.

Could it be that they had again retreated without striking a single blow? The order to move forward was again given, and at a quick step we ascended the hill, whence we could see that the advance had fallen back upon the reserve, and that the whole body was in full retreat upon the town, leaving some fifteen of their number behind in killed and wounded.

"The miserable cowards!" exclaimed Mina, his lips curling with scorn; "and it is such as these that keep Mexico in subjection! There they go, the craven-hearted menials of a tyrant! and with twenty true men, I could drive them, like a flock of frightened sheep, into the very wilderness!"

As if the very idea had suggested the expediency of the experiment, the General selected some twenty men, myself among the number, and, leaving orders for the division to follow at a steady march, set off at a gallop in pursuit of the enemy, which altogether was four hundred strong. I did expect our foes, cowards though they were, numbering as they did some twenty to one, to turn upon us and compel us to fall back upon the main body; and therefore it was with the greatest surprise, commingled with contempt, that I beheld them change their orderly retreat into a disorderly flight.

Could it be their design to withdraw us from the main body, cut off our retreat, surround, and destroy us at one fell swoop? or were they really flying through fear?

On, on they dashed—spurring their horses to a dead race—and we, like so many avengers, came yelling after them, our brave General clearly on the lead of his little band.

For miles, for leagues, we pursued them, up and down the hills, and into and through the large and flourishing town of El Valle de Maiz, many of the inhabitants shrieking and flying in terror as they beheld such a body of armed and mounted troops dashing madly through the streets, whom they must have supposed escaping from an overwhelming army of fanatical, blood-thirsty robbers, instead of from a mere handful of laughing soldiers, who were too much amused at the novel race to feel in anything like a vicious mood.

After fairly leaving the town, some of the Royalist commanders, seeming to be actuated by a sense of shame rather than courage, made an effort to halt and rally their cowardly men, and actually succeeded in bringing a body of them into a position for defence; but our gallant General, nothing daunted, charged them with headlong fury; and as we dashed in among them with wild shouts, and rattled our sabres around their heads, they again broke and fled in greater dismay than ever. They were now entirely routed, and the victory was complete; but we pursued them a couple of leagues further, and captured a small mountain-piece, and took a few prisoners. Then we gave up the chase, and leisurely returned to the town, which we again entered in triumph, and where we were soon joined by the rest of the division, who rent the air with cheers of victory.

In this action not a single one of our men was killed; and only one, a private, severely wounded; but the enemy lost several, besides the prisoners already mentioned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies, "		4.00
Four copies, "		8.00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and Ten *dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. Where if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 8 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the STATE Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

THE TAILORS.—In President Johnson's speech to the deputation of Philadelphia tailors, he was reported as saying "that our great Father in Heaven—the Lord of the world—was a tailor by trade." This set many people to looking at their Bibles, and there they found that Mr. Johnson's remark was evidently based upon the following passage, which is found in GENESIS iii; 21—"*Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them.*"

THE CONVENTION OF SOUTHERN LOYALISTS.—Philadelphia has been in a ferment of political excitement for a week past, owing to the assemblage of the above Convention and its Northern auxiliary. Ten Governors and nine ex-Governors were among the Delegates. Speeches, parades, flag-waving and torch-light processions have been the order of the day.

THE SEWING MACHINE.—Cornelia Ferguson writes from Bloomfield, Indiana:—"The Sewing Machine has arrived, and I am well pleased with it."

PRETTY SHARP.

Miss Braddon, in a letter to the *Round Table*, denies the authorship of a new work called "What is the Mystery?" recently published in New York. She also gives the following opinion of a recent review in the "Round Table":—

"Let me add that literary criticism, as a corrective influence, is not advanced by personalities; and that it is insulting to an author and unfair in itself to assume, as you do when reviewing *What is this Mystery?* that 'her (the author's) creations were the result of the meditations and inspirations of a milliner's shop.' This remark is simply impertinent, and it is only as true as may be the assertion that the review in which it appears is the result of the meditations and inspirations of a tailor's shop; though why good and wholesome 'meditations and inspirations' should be foreign to milliners' and tailors' shops, I am at a loss to discover. Moreover, offensive criticism will rather deter than encourage literary aspirants—always a very sensitive race—for whose advent you insert, in the same number of *The Round Table*, an elaborate demand. I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,
"M. E. BRADDON."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW I MANAGED MY CHILDREN FROM INFANCY TO MARRIAGE. By MRS WARREN, author of "How I Managed My House on £300 a Year," &c. Another of Mrs. Warren's excellent and useful series. Published by Loring, Boston. For sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

ASIATIC CHOLERA. A Treatise on its Origin, Pathology, Treatment, and Cure. By E. WHITNEY, M D., and A. B WHITNEY A M., M D. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS. Being a Critical and Expository Commentary, with Doctrinal and Practical Remarks on the Entire Psalter. By WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D D., L L D., author of "The Bible True," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LA VEILLE.

She goes at the single silver chime,—
Dark and soft are her eyes and hair;
She carries away my heart and eyes,
And leaves me her kiss at the foot of the stair.

Her white, firm arms are round my neck;
Her heart and her eyes and her mouth kiss mine,—
Kissing me words she will not speak,
Kisses as sunshine mingled with wine.

She passes away up the broad hall stair,
Into the shadow, out of the light,
With the last "Good-night,"—for the night is coming
When we shall never more say "Good-night."

The Use of the Arms in Walking.

The first time you are walking with your arms at liberty, stop moving them, and hold them by your sides. You will be surprised to find how soon your companion will leave you behind, although you may hurry, twist, wriggle, and try very hard to keep up. One reason for the slow walk among girls is to be found in this practice of carrying the arms motionless. Three miles an hour with the arms still is as hard work as four with the arms free. I have seen the queens of the stage walk. I have seen a few girls and women of queenly bearing walk in the street and drawing-room. They moved their arms in a free and graceful manner. Could this habit become universal among girls, their chests would enlarge, and their bearing be greatly improved. See that girl walking with both hands in her muff! How she wriggles and twists her shoulders, &c.! This is because her arms are pinioned. Give them free swing, and her gait would soon become more graceful. You have seen pictures of our muscles. Those of the upper part of the body, you remember, spread out from the shoulder, in all directions, like a fan. Now, if you hold the shoulder still, the muscles of the chest will shrink, the shoulders stoop, and the whole chest becomes thin and ugly. But some girls will say, "swinging the arms must be very slight exercise." True, it is very slight if you swing the arms but once or ten times, but if you swing them ten thousand times in a day, you will obtain more exercise of the muscles of the chest than by all other ordinary movements combined. Indeed, if I were asked what exercise I thought most effective for developing the chests of girls, I should reply at once, swinging the arms while walking.

Philadelphia League House.

The League House, belonging to the Union League, was considerably injured by fire on the night of the 6th. A few months, however, will make all right again.

An act of heroism was performed which is deserving of notice. When the conflagration was at its height and the flames were madly rushing towards the flag-staff on the front tower, upon which the glorious old flag was floating, along with pennants containing the names of the different states, a shout ran through the vast crowd assembled, "It's a shame to see the old flag burn;" and scarcely had the cry ascended, ere a son of fire ascended the roof and seized the halyards. A shout of rejoicing rent the air. Another brave fellow followed, and still another. The smoke was blinding, the heat intense, the flames growing larger and larger, wrapping the staff in its glowing embraces. But soon it slips, and down comes our glorious ensign, saved from the fury of the flames. All honor and praise to Thomas Cunningham and Charles Darragh, of the Franklin Hose, and Nicholas Brundell, of the Hope Hose, for their patriotism and courage.

The scene will be long remembered by those who witnessed it.

The whole upper story of the League is a mass of charred ruins, while the remaining portion of the building is completely soaked with water. The loss is estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars, which is fully covered by insurance. Fortunately all the curtains and carpets were removed during the sittings of the convention and were thereby saved.

☞ The Superior Court at Boston, Judge Russell presiding, recently refused to allow two young men to plead guilty to larceny from the person, and accept a sentence of three years in the House of Correction, but insisted upon proceeding with the original indictment for robbery. The result was that the prisoners were acquitted by the jury.

Anecdotes of President Lincoln.

The following characteristic anecdotes of the late President are from Mr. F. B. Carpenter's book, entitled "Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln:"

Upon the appearance of what was known as the "Wade and Davis manifesto," subsequent to his renomination, an intimate friend and supporter, who was very indignant that such a document should have been put forth just previous to the Presidential election, took occasion to animadvert very severely upon the course that prompted it. "It is not worth fretting about," said the President; "it reminds me of an old acquaintance, who having a son of a scientific turn, bought him a microscope. The boy went around experimenting with his glass upon everything that came in his way. One day, at the dinner table, his father took up a piece of cheese. 'Don't eat that, father,' said the boy; 'it is full of wrigglers.' 'My son,' replied the old gentleman, taking, at the same time, a huge bite, 'let 'em wriggle; I can stand it if they can.'"

Among the numerous delegations which thronged Washington in the early part of the war, was one from New York, which urged very strenuously the sending of a fleet to the Southern cities—Charleston, Mobile and Savannah—with the object of drawing off the rebel army from Washington. Mr. Lincoln said the project reminded him of the case of a girl in New Salem, who was greatly troubled with a "singing" in her head. Various remedies were suggested by the neighbors, but nothing tried afforded any relief. At last a man came along—"a common-sense sort of man," said he, inclining his head toward the gentleman complimentarily—who was asked to prescribe for the difficulty. After due inquiry and examination, he said the cure was very simple. "What is it?" was the anxious question. "Make a plaster of psalm-tunes and apply to her feet, and draw the singing down," was the rejoinder.

An another occasion, an anti-slavery delegation, also from New York, was pressing the adoption of the emancipation policy. During the interview the "chairman," Rev. Dr. C——, made a characteristic and powerful appeal, largely made up of quotations from the Old Testament Scriptures. Mr. Lincoln received the "bombardment" in silence. As the speaker concluded, he continued for a moment in thought, and then, drawing a long breath, responded, "Well, gentlemen, it is not often one is favored with a delegation direct from the Almighty!"

An officer of the government called one day at the White House, and introduced a clerical friend. "Mr. President," said he, "allow me to present to you my friend, the Rev. Mr. F., of ——. Mr. F. has expressed a desire to see you and have some conversation with you, and I am happy to be the means of introducing him." The President shook hands with Mr. F., and desiring him to be seated, took a seat himself. Then, his countenance having assumed an air of patient waiting, he said: "I am now ready to hear what you have to say." "Oh, bless you, sir," said Mr. F., "I have nothing special to say; I merely called to pay my respects to you, and, as one of the million, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support." "My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly, his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor, "I am very glad to see you, indeed. I thought you had come to preach to me!"

Upon the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the European sovereigns, and also to President Lincoln, announcing the fact. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington—a "bachelor," by the way—requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward.

"May it please Your Excellency," said Lord Lyons, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to Your Excellency. In it she informs Your Excellency that her son, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark."

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President and waited his reply. It was short, simple and expressive, and consisted simply of the words:

"Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

Some gentleman fresh from a Western tour, during a call at the White House, referred in the course of conversation to a body of water in Nebraska which bore an Indian name signifying "weeping water." Mr. Lincoln instantly responded: "As 'laughing water,' according to Longfellow, is 'Minnehaha,' this evidently should be 'Minnehoohoo.'"

Mr. Carpenter expresses regret that Dr. Holland, in his Life of Lincoln, admitted that Mr. Lincoln frequently indulged in anecdotes not entirely delicate, and attempted to excuse the fact by the lack of refining influences in his early life. Mr. Carpenter expresses the belief that the memory of Mr. Lincoln has been wronged in this matter, and says:

It is but simple justice to his memory that I should state, that during the entire period of my stay in Washington, after witnessing his intercourse with nearly all classes of men, embracing governors, Senators, members of Congress, officers of the army and intimate friends, I cannot recollect to have heard him relate a circumstance to any one of them which would have been out of place uttered in a ladies' drawing-room. And this testimony is not unsupported by that of others, well entitled to consideration. Dr. Stone, his family physician, came in one day to see my studies. Sitting in front of that of the President, with whom he did not sympathize politically, he remarked, with much feeling, "It is the province of a physician to probe deeply the interior lives of men; and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest-hearted man with whom I have ever come in contact." Secretary Seward, who of the cabinet officers was probably the most intimate with the President, expressed the same sentiment in still stronger language. He once said to the Rev. Dr. Bellows: "Mr. Lincoln is the best man I ever knew!"

☞ At a late medical dinner in London, Sir Charles Locock, who had been nearest to the Queen in some of her most trying moments, was facetiously toasted as the "earliest friend" of the rising members of the royal family. A few years ago there was a rumor in circulation that Sir Charles was to be elevated to the peerage by command of the Queen, whereupon *Punch* suggested, should she be at a loss for a title, that it be *Lord Deliverus.*

The Niagara of the West.

The Great Shoshone Falls.

Away in the wilds of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake and Oregon, the air is thundered and the earth is rent by a cataract as imposing as Niagara. Situate on the Sagebrush plains, between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade range, the Great Shoshone is a world-wonder which for savage scenery and power sublime stands unrivalled in America. The falls of the Snake or Lewis Fork of the Columbia have been but a couple of years discovered, and have been seen as yet by scarce as many scores of white men.

This majestic masterpiece of nature's engineering lies a few miles off from the overland stage route, running northwesterly between Salt Lake and Boise cities, and half-way (or about 200 miles) from those said capitals of Idaho and Utah.

Travelling by compass across the boundless sage plains, where no living being breaks the stillness (save here and there a hissing snake, half hid between a regiment of horned toads and high range of ant-hills,) and the roar of the cataract, which may be plainly heard at starting, has gradually died away. The sage plain remains unbroken to the view, and no appearance of any river. Still riding on, and, suddenly without warning, he reins up on the brink of a perpendicular precipice over a thousand feet in height, at the foot of which apparently unfathomed abyss Snake river seems but like a narrow silver ribbon. Down stream about half a mile distant, a long monument of mist wells earth to heaven.

The river, about two hundred yards in width, comes slowly from the southeast, overtowered by perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, over eight hundred feet high, suddenly expands into a basin of twice its width, and there is divided into a half-dozen streams by dark-looking rocks, which raise their gloomy crests above the sparkling surf of the maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different shape, seeming fanciful and fluctuating, yet physically fixed as they have ever been while centuries, like shadows, have flown over them. The river resuming its course, is again divided, and takes a second tumble of sixty feet still further, but this time by only three different streams. Three falls are the result—one on each side—unbroken and falling in solid sheets, the central one being formed by seven fan-shaped steppes of rock. From one of these benches to the other underneath, the water falls in a smooth, transparent sheet, forming a cascade unsurpassed in the world, and contrasting strangely by its hard, transparent color, with the rushing, roaring, foaming, streams surrounding both above and at the sides. The river becomes once more smooth and dark in color. Its banks suddenly jut out from both sides, narrowing the channel to four hundred feet, and through this gap the confined mass of water precipitates in one whole volume, without break or hindrance, into an ominous abyss almost three hundred feet in depth. No pen can describe this scene. This is in reality the "Great Fall," and is well worthy of its name, leaping as it does from the womb of nature like a colossal sheet of silver.

Forming a slight horse-shoe, its central waters appear blue until they meet the spray that rises ever heavenward from the foot of the foaming cataract. The sides are frayed into foam and remind one of the picture avalanches of the Alps. Right on the edge of the fall stands a lone pillar of gray sandstone, on whose summit, undisturbed by the whiz of waters or the fate fast yawning on their eyrie, a pair of bald-headed eagles have built their nest, and are now rearing their young, secure in sight of the sublimity and solitude surrounding. The cataract's sound, but slightly heard above, is absolutely deafening as you reach the river's base, the roar of the falls, confined as it is by the high walls of the canon, rushing down the chasm and increasing in volume as it rolls, so as to be heard fully thirty miles southwest. Close to the cataract is a square-shaped cave of fifteen feet, whose walls are supported by basaltic columns, the regularity of whose formation is unsurpassed by anything in the Isle of Staffa or the Giant's Causeway. Sliding out of this cave, and falling about eight feet on to a grassy slope that leads to the water's edge, within two hundred feet of the foot of the falls, you are right in the middle of the mist, and wet through in an instant. It is here that, by looking up, the enormous altitude of the fall can be realized, and the first feeling is one of self-preservation, and involuntarily drawing back, for the whole mass seems ready to drop and crush you where you stand. Never can the weird beauty of this scene be forgotten by beholders. Rainbows of a thousand hues seem to surround you, and their lines to arch you in the skies.

The white foaming waters form a brilliant background to the magic prisms pictured by the spray. The dark, frowning rocks, relieved by the bright green junipers, make a fitting frame for this magnificent sight, second to none in point of savage grandeur. As measured by officers of the First Oregon Infantry, encamped adjoining, the main fall is 210 feet from the edge to the level of the water below. The upper falls have not yet been measured, but the total fall of the river, on the three distinct tumbles it takes, cannot be less than 300 feet, while the river itself is over 400 feet at its narrowest width. The channel of the stream below the falls is a clean chasm 1,500 feet in width and 1,000 in depth, with perpendicular walls of rock inclosing it.—*Salt Lake Vedette.*

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—An able writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret: This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

☞ Two of the leading New York journals announce the important intelligence that the Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, has made up his mind and expressed his determination, in case the Emperor should make no satisfactory arrangement in Europe for the support of his Government, to abdicate. The journals in question state that they receive this intelligence from a trustworthy source, and have no hesitation in announcing it. We hope to have the pleasure of saying soon—"Good-bye, Max."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

CABIJA FROM THE SEA—INSIDE VIEW—IMPORTS AND EXPORTS—CABIJAN SOCIETY—MARKETS—THE PANTHEON—BURYING ABOVE GROUND—SANTIMANAT.

The Laplander loves his far northern, frozen home; the South African Hottentot glories in the filth and freedom of his miserable Kraal, and the *Bangalow* of the French low lands, wading about on stilts, living like a herron, all carry innate ideas and associations that make their native haunts preferable to any other spot on earth. With them as with many other classes of semi savage humanity, we can find at least apologies for their preferences. But what one argument can be found in favor of being born, and dragging out an existence so monotonous as that in Cabija, on the Bolivian coast, it is difficult to imagine. I have never heard one advanced either by native or foreign resident.

To begin with the seaward side of Cabija—though by courtesy called *Puerto de Mar*, it is in fact no more a *seaport* than the outer shore of Long Island, only there is certainly anchorage and good holding ground, at Cabija, and no gales ever come there to disturb anchored craft. A Delaware river gunning skiff moored a mile off the shore at Cabija might lie there secure from violence by storm till she rotted at her moorings. Beyond that, *Puerto de Mar* is in no sense a port—only a *place* on the broad side of the Pacific. Not a sign of shelter of any sort.

From the water side, at a mile distant, the town looks most like a Sioux village of bark wigwams, a row of Bahama wrecker's huts, a mile of lower Louisiana slave quarters, and a quarter section of Manhattan Mackerelville conglomerated. The town, which in 1834 had a population of about six thousand, and probably not fifty souls more than that in 1866, is jumbled together in promiscuous disorder, close along the shore, on a cramped, level space inclining seaward, as desolate and bare naturally of all vegetation as the very heart of Sahara or Atacama, and not a green thing has humanity ever succeeded in introducing to break the dreary monotony of bluish brown ashes everywhere under foot, and blackish gray hills covered with dwarfed and half-burnt up cactus that on all the landward sides hem in the forlorn-looking city, seeming to threaten in their grim, sullen silence to push it bodily from its low, narrow platform into the sea.

On the south side of the town there is a rough, narrow gorge through the hills, affording a sort of road, available by mules and llamas to bring in from the interior the products of the country, consisting of copper ore, chincona bark, tin in pigs, some cocoa, a little wool, and a few other commodities of no great amount or value. And the same rugged road serves as the only highway for the introduction into the interior of such material as the Bolivians receive in exchange for their domestic productions. The majority of these imports, both in bulk and value, are fine, fancy, French goods, such as silks, laces, lawns, and the lighter cotton fabrics generally. Next in importance are the importations from the United States—this trade having been for many years almost exclusively in the hands of Fitzgerald, Booth & Co., of Baltimore, made up mainly of provisions, as butter, lard, hams, beef, pork, rice, and some flour; besides considerable quantities of our heavier domestic cotton and linen fabrics, as strong baggings, checks, brown muslins, etc. Then the balance of the import trade of Cabija is made up of English and German hardware and cutlery, employing perhaps six vessels of an average tonnage each of four hundred tons, from either country, one cargo per annum for each vessel.

This foreign trade, and the circumstance that Cabija is the only outlet that Bolivia has on her own territory along her entire coast, necessitates a custom-house, government warehouses, and the residence of foreign consuls and merchants. There may possibly with native business men, and government officials make up an aggregate with their families, of two thousand persons. We can understand the necessity that requires the residence of all these classes in Cabija. But what the other four thousand Bohemians who live in everlasting idleness, and subsist in some mysterious manner without labor, or any apparent avocation—have to offer as an argument in favor of a residence in Cabija is more than I am able to even guess at.

There are three churches, the custom house, a sort of merchants' exchange, and the private residences of perhaps in all fifty consuls, officials, and foreign merchants that considering the position, are passably respectable. The remainder of the town is a conglomerate shanty, incongruous in material and without order or arrangement, as if the diverse material had been blown in on the coast by a hurricane and flung together by a whirlwind. Here we have a house made entirely of mud, rough in exterior, five times rougher in interior finish, doorless, windowless, half roofed as, the other half ridiculously tiled, neither wind nor water tight. But that is no objection as no wind ever blows or rain falls at Cabija. Next joining is a balloon frame of bamboo sawn in all up the sides with twigs and brush-wood, villainously thatched with palm leaves, looking in its *tout ensemble* more like a dilapidated western brush-heap than anything else in this world. Next door neighbor to this crazy kraal is probably an *adobe* corral—simply mud walls, five or six feet high, covered over with an old sail, pointed up in the centre into a sort of pagoda, by a supporting tent-pole, the adjoining structure being a fabric of decided *ironic* order, built of some superannuated sea craft broken up and pitched together on shore without regard to law or order. About one-third of all classes of habitations are covered with old canvas, mostly worn out sails, and every building, no matter what its pretentions or fashion of structure, is provided with a pretentious balcony, the forms and fashions being as many as the structures themselves.

In, and all around these old habitations we have humanity, in all its elements as essentially different from anything ever seen in the United States as Cabija itself is from Chestnut street. Everywhere bile, and lounging in dirty ponchos, *calzoones*, *calias* and broad-brimmed sombreros, are sinister, repulsive-looking fellows, smoking, jabbering, and lazying away life in utter idleness. Under awnings of verandahs and within all sorts of houses senoras and senoritas clad in next to nothing, swing indolently and as often lie on the hammocks, lazily fanning themselves, or half asleep sucking at *cigarrettas*. On the balconies and verandahs, half-grown, and infinitely less than half-clad boys and girls, tumble and toss, scramble and climb, disputing the territory with lean dogs and disgusting buzzards—the latter claiming a freehold and perching on railings and in open doors and windows—vermin, filth, buzzards, villainous curs, naked "picaninnies," almost naked girls and boys, women indecently nude, men, beastly in appearance and practices, dirt, squalid wretchedness, all manner of abominations; in all the town no growing tree, blade of grass, or solitary green thing; in the foul, filthy markets, only lean, bloody, dirty, and draggled meat, looking as if it had been drawn twice through the town by dogs and then discarded as impracticable, vegetables, stale, wilted, sickly chickens, and consumptive pigs, all brought from leagues in the interior, dangling from the backs of mules, scorching and roasting alive, murdered in transit—everything poisonous from filth, and unfit for eating.

Such is a very brief picture, but true, so far as it goes, of the beauties and comforts of domestic life in Cabija. I do not mean to be understood as declaring this to be the universal rule, but I *do* pronounce it a just statement in regard to a very large majority. Morally, socially and physically, the Cabijans stand far lower in the scale of South American Civilization than any other community we ever came in contact with.

Having no stream, spring, not a single well of fresh water, in all their generations from the foundation of the town down to the year 1852, the people of Cabija were dependent upon importations of fresh water; and a line of regular water packets brought every gallon of the material consumed by the inhabitants, human and brute, by sea, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. There are some streams of very good fresh water emptying into the sea to the northward, at a much less distance than the above, but as vessels cannot get into the shore at any nearer point, the water was up to that period all and to the present time mostly brought from that distance. They have had since 1852 steam evaporators for converting sea water into fresh material, but the supply is inadequate, the quality very bad, and the rates charged by the English water company so high, that importation of water is still a considerable traffic.

One of the singular features, and always with foreigners the "lion" institution of Cabija, is its *Pantheon*. Out southeast from the town, situated at the base of the steep, rugged hills, lies an enclosure of some seven acres, walled in partly with *adobe* and partly with masses of volcanic scoria, is Cabija's place of sepulchre, if sepulchre it can be called, planting people out on the brown, scorching surface, to keep after death.

I am by no means going to say that all dead Cabijans are thus laid out to dry. But a great many are, and they keep remarkably well too. There are all around on the inside of the walls of the Pantheon the oven-like recesses in which the dead for a money consideration more exorbitant than the water company's charges are deposited, walled in and limed into skeletons. But as the bones of all such must either come out after a few months to make room for a new tenant, or else the friends pay an extravagant rent to the church, very many people prefer to economize, and so lay their dead out in sight, at a nominal cost, where they can have them always under observation.

Guards are constantly on duty within the *Pantheon* to drive off the buzzards from bodies newly deposited, until they have been laid out from two to three weeks, when they have become so "hardened" that no further watching or care is necessary, and they will lie there till the last days of Cabija intact, unless there should come to that corner of the world a radical change of climate. We saw dead bodies that had lain there surface buried several years, perfectly mumified, their flesh dried up and hardened like iron, the skin changed to parchment, dark bronze in color and drawn in sharp angles over the bones with the tension of a drumhead, while the clothing was entire, scarcely changed in color or texture. Two girls, twin sisters, we were told, and in life very beautiful, who had died by accidental poisoning, had lain there side by side, dressed in white satin, their heads pillowed on a velvet cushion, wearing beautiful wreaths, and after more than two years of exposure, still retaining something of their natural form of features and looks of childish beauty, their skeleton fingers still holding the withered bouquets, their satin robes still retaining the glossy surface of the fabric.

Just beyond the girls lay the remains of the brave, indomitable, young and accomplished Santimanat, one of Bolivia's military chieftains, who, ambitious of becoming president of the republic, inaugurated a revolution, and for several months maintained a war against the government, and doubtless would have achieved his object, but one day he was attacked by thirty officers of his own party at Cabija, and finally assassinated in his quarters by a cowardly shot in the back of the head, after having maintained the unequal fight more than an hour, and shooting and cutting down with his sword twenty one of the thirty murderers.

It was the young general's sixth year out in the Pantheon when we saw him, and there he lay on his back, clad in his uniform, braided and brilliant with gold, the blue and crimson of the cloth and brightness of the bullion, scarcely tarnished by time and exposure.

* Pronounced Caveka.

Mr. Tennyson's Personal Appearance.

On "Commemoration" day at Oxford University, England, the students are wont to be excessively uproarious and rude during the entrance of the dignitaries. Brays of donkeys, crowing of cocks, laughing of hyenas, and all the uncommon sounds toot a parcel of college boys, totally unrestrained and stimulated by rivalry, can make, give the only variety to the steady Bull o'Bedlam roar kept up by all. Sometimes sharp and sassy wit is directed at the visitors. A capital hit was made at Tennyson some years ago, by a collegian. The poet is said to be as negligent in his personal appearance and dress as poets commonly are. That morning as he came into the "theatre" and took his seat among the distinguished guests, he was particularly unkempt and uncared for in the outer man. A cool drawling voice was heard from the highest student gallery, saying: "Did your mother call you early, Mr. Tennyson?" The pensive author of May Queen might have been excused for laughing heartily.

LOVERS' LOGIC.—*Edwin*.—You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and, as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you. *Angelina*.—O, you absurd creature!

The Grand Panorama.

Under the title of "The Times we Live In," a writer in the London Spectator gives a vivid picture of the wonderful changes effected and being wrought in the political world and in the realms of thought and of ethical and religious discussion. We will endeavor to reproduce the prominent features of this picture. Men are living, and beginning to be conscious that they are living, in one of those seedtimes of the world which recur only after long cycles, when the ground, long ploughed and manured, is, at at last, to be turned to use; a seedtime of empires and creeds and discoveries and systems of thought, which, as they germinate and flourish, will, in their beauty or their ugliness, make the Old World, which looked so bare, no longer recognizable in its rich variety of crop and color and life. If the observer be a politician, he finds himself living in an age which alike in the dramatic character of its events and the grandeur of some of its ideas has scarcely a parallel in history. The old world and its aspirations gave place, finally, to the new, and its hopes when Lee surrendered his sword, and the defeat was as dramatic, as much of a surprise, as near to a true battle of Armageddon, as any catastrophe of history has ever been. The principle of nationalities, first a dream, then a thought, then a hope, has risen, almost within months, into a power able to shake down States and remodel maps; has pulled an old nation, as it were, by the hair, from under the sea into the air and light, is, as we write, driving whole kingdoms together with a clash which reverberates through the world. Young men read of the rise of Holland to independance of Spanish rule, and think that was a grand time. Was it grander in all true elements of grandeur than the rise of Italy out from under the Austrian waves? Ricasoli seems to us as worth watching as William the Silent, Napoleon as Philip II. The French Revolution was a great event—an event which in this hour seems to choke up the memories of the old, but, save in misery, how was it greater as an event than the Revolution in Germany? Crowns did not topple faster in 1790–98, than in 1866. Sadowa was as least as striking an event as Waterloo. The Seven Years' war was a "great episode in history." We have lived through its counterpart compressed into seven days. The rise of revolutionary and imperial France to dictatorship was not more marvellous, was not to the Continent more full of hope or menace in its day, than the rise of Prussia.

The progress of the world was not more affected by the struggle between Pope and Emperor, democracy and feudalism, than by the struggle just ended, when it seemed hardly begun between Prussia and Austria—light and obscurantism. We have men, too, among it all—big, visible figures. No age has perhaps ever been richer in prominent individual personages, in whom the world could take a passionate interest, than that which has produced Napoleon and Bismarck, Lincoln and Gladstone, Von Moltke and Garibaldi. Men are never tired of considering the Reformation and the reaction which followed it, but was it a greater time, a time in which more ideas were born, or in which systems of thought struggled more visibly towards the light, than this? We read in Mr. Froude, not without emotion, the successive acts which struck down the monasteries of England; but in what do they differ except in rapidity from the bills which passed the Italian Parliament not many weeks since, and the recent decree which breaks up the "religious life" in Venetia?

Realism is revived among us, and is modifying every branch of progress, sweeping away, remorselessly, all the films which stood between thought and fact. Nothing in our day can compare with the discovery of America; but still the scope for adventure and travel, and even conquest, is nearly as wide as ever—their results as dramatic. Cochin China is turned into a colony; Pekin entered by European troops; a new civilization revealed in Japan; the source of the Nile discovered; Australia crossed; the few closed places of the earth thrown open to energy and enterprise. No mechanical invention corresponds or can quite correspond in value with the printing press, but we have just solved the problem of instant communication throughout the earth; and now continents are drawn within speaking distance which, three hundred years ago, were still, as they were from the beginning of time, ignorant of each other's existence. What shall we say of the exodus from Europe to America going on every day before our eyes, and of the new life growing up in the far West? What of commerce, science, art, which are in a state of almost morbid acidity?

A New Agricultural Theory.

M. Ville, an eminent chemist, recently announced at the Sorbonne, that all vegetable are to be found in the same elements, which are fourteen in number, some organic, and others mineral. M. Ville asserted that he had attempted to manufacture vegetables, just as he would proceed to make a chemical compound. "In order that his operations should be placed beyond suspicion, he took for his soil calcined sand; that is to say, an inert matter possessing no element of fertility. After several experiments, M. Ville discovered that fertility could be produced by the employment of four agents, oxine, phosphate of lime, lime and potash, and that these agents applied to any soil, no matter how barren, would render it capable of producing plentiful crops." He exhibited, in the course of one of his lectures, samples of corn and sugar cane produced on the principle of his theory. The result of the experiments went to prove that only four of the fourteen elements mentioned were necessary for fertilization—the air and ground supplying the remainder. "These four agents must be used in different proportions, according to the crop which is placed in the ground. The principal agent for wheat is oxine; whilst for turnips, it is phosphate of lime. M. Ville recommended alternate crops; say, the first year, turnips, with a manure of phosphate of lime; the next year, wheat, with oxine; and the third year, clover, with a mixture of lime and potash; and the fourth year, wheat, which would need no manure, the four fertilizing agents being sufficiently strong in the ground."

☞ Carpenter, the artist, in his book, "Six Months at the White House," tells us that, when President Lincoln was invited to see the play of "Richelieu," he asked "Who wrote the play?" and added that he "did not know Bulwer was a play-writer." Mr. Lincoln also acknowledged that he had never in his life read a novel. He once commenced "Ivanhoe," but never finished it.

OUR FATHER!

Seldom upon lips of mine,
Father! rests that name of Thine—
Deep within my inmost breast,
In the secret place of mind,
Like an awful presence shrined,
Doth the dread idea rest!
Hushed and holy dwells it there,
Prompter of the silent prayer,
Lifting up my spirit's eye
And its faint, but earnest cry,
From its dark and cold abode,
Unto Thee, my Guide and God.

—*Lamartine.*

Links in the Chain.

The blast that drove the storm clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

A cloud burst; a rain-drop filled the acorn cup.

A robin wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path when all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and rising from his reverie, wrote a chant of graceful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said: "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I owe my song to the rain-drop," said the robin.

"I should have sunk into the earth, had not the acorn-cup received me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn-cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth and who from darkness can bring light, making His mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, unknown and unsuspected channels, and bringing, in due time, by his own way, the grateful chant from the angry-storm-cloud."

Soldiers' Artificial Limbs.

The following is a copy of a circular letter recently transmitted to the Governors of the loyal states:

To the Governor or Lieutenant Governor of ——:

An order, just issued from the War Department, provides that discharged soldiers of the United States, who have been disabled in service, as well as those not yet discharged, who are to be provided with artificial limbs at the expense of Government, will be furnished with transportation, by the Quartermaster's Department, to and from their homes and the place where they may be required to go to obtain the artificial limbs designated by the Surgeon General. The medical director, or other officer, for that duty, shall, in addition to each order for an artificial limb, give a requisition on the Quartermaster's Department for transportation from the points to and from which the transportation is to be furnished, and such requisition shall be the evidence upon which the Quartermaster General shall furnish the transportation.

AN INGENIOUS MONKEY.—An English gentleman relates the following trick of a pet monkey, that was kept chained in his yard. About three feet beyond his reach, stood a trough in which a pig was fed. The monkey was very fond of the barley meal which was frequently given to the pig, but how to get it, while thus fastened, might puzzle even a wiser animal. The monkey, however, hit upon the following plan: While the pig was feeding, the monkey seized the tail of the porker and gave it a sharp pull; the latter turned quickly to return a bite, and in so doing let fall a mouthful of the desired barley meal, which his cunning tormentor immediately appropriated; he repeated the experiment with great satisfaction, until the meal was finished.

THE BANQUET AT DELMONICO'S.—The dinner given at Delmonico's, in New York, in honor of the President, is said to have been the most elegant ever given in that city. Two hundred and fifty persons sat down at the table, and the cost was $25,000 just one year's salary of the President, and $100 for each person that partook. The greater part of this expense was for the wines, which were rare and costly, there being eight different varieties, and each bottle costing from $10 to $20. One hundred dollars for a single meal is rather extravagant.

THE HONOR OF THE FLAG.—According to the Gazette of Trieste, the prisoners arrived in that city relate the following:—"While the ironclad frigate Re d'Italia was sinking, two Austrian officers jumped into a boat and rowed toward the stern of the frigate, in order to seize the Italian flag which was flying there. But an Italian officer laid hold of it, although he could see the ship was on the point of sinking, and after firing a revolver at the Austrians, went down, preferring to perish with the vessel rather than deliver up the flag to the enemy."

☞ Our whaling fleet has recovered from the depredations of the Shenandoah, and is now the largest sent to the whaling ground by any country in the world.

☞ Mr. Montford, of Springfield, Ill., knowing that a young lady with whom he was in love was going to a party the other night, loitered in a yard adjoining her residence to see who accompanied her home, and was shot for a burglar. He may recover, but his curiosity is blighted.

☞ Maximilian having been left to chant alone by the French, will soon have to walk Spanish.

☞ Prof. Horsford contradicts the popular notion that sunlight puts the fire out. He says sunlight has no direct effect upon combustion.

☞ The Edinburg Review pronounces Admiral Farragut "the first seaman of the age."

☞ The machinery of the rebel ram Virginia has been converted into bells.

☞ A carrier dove recently flew from Lewiston to Sabattus, a distance of six miles, in six minutes.

☞ FRANKFUL.—Caricatures of Garibaldi, from the wounded ankle, wounded thigh, upward to his bald head, appear in every variety, in Paris.

☞ Prussia, when aggrandized by the annexations, will comprise a territory of 6,833 square miles, and a population of 23,600,000 inhabitants.

Moire Antique.

This term is familiar to centers in silks and to those who wear them, but comparatively few know why it is applied to the class of goods bearing the name, or what is the process by which their peculiar characters is given to them. As with most other articles in common use, the mass of persons are content to wear them without knowing anything about how they are produced. The name is of French origin as well as the goods, the word *moire* meaning simply *watered*, and is applied to the silks which have a wavy appearance imparted to them by being stamped when damp, and are consequently also called *watered*. The *antique* is added because of the resemblance which these goods bear to the heavy fabrics worn by our ancestral grandams. Their peculiar appearance is owing to a slight inequality in the surface of the silk, and is produced either by an arrangement of the woof in the weaving or by operating upon the surface after it is completed. A slight twisting of the threads composing the woof will give an undulating appearance to the silk by changing from place to place the angle of reflection of the light, but this effect is more commonly produced after the process of weaving has been completed. The discovery of this peculiar effect is said to have been accidental. A piece of silk rolled tight, when a little damp, was found to have this wavy appearance imparted to it, which suggested the idea of applying pressure, by which it is now effected,—Machinery enables the manufacturer to give it in any style of watering that he may choose. Two cylinders are prepared, one or both of which have slight prominences or depressions corresponding to the lines which he wishes the fabric to bear, and it is then passed between the cylinders under a heavy pressure, giving it a permanent stamp or figure. As the whole effect is produced by the reflection of the light, and as the unequal reflection depends upon the angle which different parts of the surface make with the rays, what is called the *watered* appearance is thus produced. The process is greatly facilitated by having the silk dampened before it receives the pressure, and still more by heating the cylinders, just as in the laundry the sprinkling of the linen and the use of a hot iron make the smoothing process more easy and the effect more complete and permanent. There is a great variety in the style of watering. Some are simple and others more elaborate, the smaller patterns being more frequently known as watered, and the larger more technically *moire antique*, but the process is the same, and the effect is owing to the same cause. The preparation of this style of silks was formally confined for the most part to France; where the art was kept secret for a long time, but is is now largely carried on in other countries, and to some extent in our own. It is a branch of the dyer's business to give to plain silks this watered appearance, and it is carried to such an extent that any style of pattern may be matched. Other fabrics besides silks are treated in the same way. What is known as moreen, a worsted material, has the same general appearance imparted to it by a similar process, but the effect is not as great, owing to the superior lustre of the silk, which gives it greater power of reflecting light, and thus makes the variety of the surface much greater.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

☞ TO DESTROY FLIES.—When the flies settle on the ceiling, as they usually do at night, reduce the light in the room so you can just see them, and take a tumbler or wider open vessel two-thirds full of warm soap suds and place it quickly over each group of flies, when they will fall into the suds.

☞ ACCURATE VALUATION.—A fellow was engaged to a Down East girl, but found that he liked the sister better than he did her. Wishing to be off with the old love before he was on with the new, he asked his betrothed what she would take to release him. After figuring the value up as accurately as possible, she replied that about sixty-two and a half dollars was as much as she could conscientiously ask for him. Whereupon he paid the amount, took quit-claim and married the sister.

☞ Mrs. Harriet Martineau is in a declining state of health. She has given up writing, save a letter now and then to a friend. She withdrew from her literary undertakings with reluctance leaving the London Daily News last of all. Such time as her health allows for more than reading, is devoted to needle-work, in which she performs, it is said, marvels.

☞ The wives of English Episcopal dignitaries do not share their husband's titles. We read in the London papers that "the Archbishop of York and Mrs. Thomson arrived at Fulham palace yesterday, on a visit to the Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait."

☞ The Gardiner Reporter records the singular case of a colored man in that city whose skin gradually turned from black to white, until he died of a scrofulous consumption, or sort of leprosy. Two days before his death he predicted the precise day and hour of its occurrence.

☞ A Memphis lawyer relates, if we may rely upon the statement of the Memphis Bulletin, that while in Carroll county last week he had attended the preliminary trial of a man before a country magistrate, charged with stealing corn from a neighbor's crib. The evidence went to show that the defendant had been found with his hand in an aperture of the crib, safely fastened in a steel-trap, which the owners of the crib had set for the purpose of catching the thief who had been preying upon his grain. It was also in evidence that two empty corn-sacks were found lying at the feet of the entrapped individual. The decision of the magistrate was that there was no proof that the prisoner had stolen any corn, and as to be being caught in a steel-trap, any gentleman had a perfect right to stick his hand in one if he felt inclined to do so.

☞ It cost a gay New York milkman fifty dollars for watering his milk the other day, a spying policeman having nabbed him.

☞ By some curious coincidence it appears that the coming year, 1867, has been fixed upon by Mohammedans, Brahmins and various other sects, as a period in the history of the universe to be marked by some great and marvellous change.

☞ HOW A HOG SWEATS.—Not like a horse or a man, but through his fore leg. There is a spot on each leg just below the knee, in the form of a sieve. Through this the sweat passes off; and it is necessary that it be kept open. If it gets closed, as is sometimes the case, the hog will get sick; he will appear stiff and cramped, and unless he gets relief, it will go hard with him. To cure him, simply open the pores. This is done by rubbing the spot with a common, and washing with warm water.—*Rural World.*

ARRIERE PENSEE.

BY T.

He wraps me round with his riches,
He covers me up with his care,
And his love is the love of a manhood
Whose life is a living prayer.
I have plighted my woman's affections,
I have given my all in all,
And the flowers of a daily contentment
Renew their sweet lives ere they fall.

And yet, like an instrument precious,
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart, in the midst of its blessings,
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when beneath the branches
I stood by a silent stream,
And saw in its bosom an image
As one seeth a face in a dream.

I would not resign his devotion,
No, not for a heart that lives,
Nor change one jot my condition
For the change that condition gives;
I should mourn not more for another,
Nor more for another rejoice,
Than now, when I weep at his absence,
Or welcome his step and his voice.

And yet, like an instrument precious,
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart, in the midst of its blessings,
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when beneath the branches
I stood in the shadowy light,
And heard the low words of a whisper
As one heareth a voice in the night.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPRIGHT.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN ENGLISH'S LETTER.

Late one August evening, a tall stranger stalked into the bar of the *Hand and Dagger*, and inquired whether he could be accommodated with supper and a bed. Mrs. Winch having answered him in the affirmative, he went back to superintend the unloading of his luggage from the fly which had conveyed him from the nearest railway station; and when that operation was concluded, and a short five minutes had been given to his toilet, he reappeared in the bar, and, at the landlady's invitation, seated himself in the arm-chair by the chimney-corner, pending the preparation of his supper. Would he not like to have a private room? asked the landlady. No, he should prefer taking his meal where he was, provided Mrs. Winch had no objection to his company. Mrs. Winch had no objection whatever, and would do her best to make him comfortable.

Supper was quickly served, and while the stranger was discussing it, Mrs. Winch was enabled to take a mental inventory of his appearance. He was apparently about six-and-twenty years old; very tall—six feet two at least—and strongly built; without an ounce of superfluous flesh, but with plenty of muscle. His skin was very dark, either naturally so, or from long exposure to a hotter sun than ours; his hair was black and crisp, and evidently inclined to curl, but cut too close to allow of its doing so; he had a thick black mustache, and a beard that fell in great rippling waves low down on his chest. His eyes were the same color as his hair, and extremely bright and piercing; so much so, indeed, that, as the landlady afterwards observed, they seemed to look clean through any one on whom they were steadily fixed. His features were sufficiently regular and well cut to be considered handsome by most people; but it was the general expression of the man that struck you, rather than any one point of detail; there was something noble and leonine about him; he looked so strong, and yet withal so gentle, that a child would as instinctively have asked him to mend its broken toy, as a bully would have shrunk from the lightning of those terrible eyes, or the silent menace of that iron arm. When he walked, it was with a free swinging gait peculiar to himself; and in all his movements there was a certain careless dignity which might have graced a Red Indian chief or a sheik of the Desert; and as a true sailor always smacks of the sea, so did he seem to carry with him, wherever he went, a fresh, open-air, breezy flavor that was infinitely refreshing. Although he wore no gloves, and was shod in strong boots, he was unmistakably a gentleman; and that close though unconscious observer of character, the great James himself, never ventured to treat John English with anything but the most profound respect.

Yes, that was his name, John English; and a good name too, he added, as he volunteered the information over supper to Mrs. Winch. He was not at all indisposed to talk about himself, as the landlady was gratified to find; for one's curiosity respecting strangers, especially in a little country place like Normanford, ought never to go unsatisfied; only some people are so stupidly reserved that they never can be induced to talk about themselves or their business. He was a photographer by profession, he went on to say, and was at present engaged by an eminent London firm to go from county to county and photograph the most picturesque and noteworthy architectural features of each shire, especially the houses of the landed gentry, as the basis of a certain great illustrated work which was shortly to appear. He intended to take up his residence at Normanford for a few weeks, as a convenient central spot from which to make excursions to different parts of Monkshire; and if Mrs. Winch knew of any clean and respectable lodgings in the little town, he should be glad to receive her recommendation. To-morrow, or next day, he was going up to Belair, to request permission of Sir Philip Spenceleugh to photograph the east wing of the Hall, which—so he had been given to understand—was very old and picturesque, while yet in an excellent state of preservation. And then he got out his portfolio, and proceeded to show the landlady some specimens of what he had already done in other counties. Mrs. Winch was loud in her praises, her knowledge of the photographic art having hitherto been limited to cheap portraits of herself and acquaintances.

By-and-by, Mr. Brackenridge came in, and was duly introduced to Mr. John English; and the latter seeing before long how affairs stood between the chemist and the widow, discreetly withdrew; and having lighted his well-worn meerschaum, proceeded to take a quiet ramble through the town, in which, early as was the hour, nearly everybody seemed to have gone to bed. He lingered on the bridge for half an hour, smoking, and listening to the melancholy murmur of the dark stream that ran below, and trying to make out through the starlight the outlines of the different hills by which the little town was shut in from the world; and then back to the *Hand and Dagger*, and so to bed.

The following letters, written a few weeks after John English's arrival at Normanford, and addressed to his friend Frank Mashiter, at that time staying at Nice for the benefit of his health, are here inserted, as containing his own impressions of certain people with whom the reader has already some acquaintance, and with whose fortunes those of the young photographer himself were afterwards so strangely interwoven.

MY DEAR FRANK—How long is it since I wrote to you last? Somewhere about a month, I believe; at all events, I know that there is a long letter due to you, and I sit down this wet Sunday evening to conscientiously work off my arrears. Yes, a wet Sunday evening in a little country place where I am almost an entire stranger—such is my predicament at present.

I rejoice heartily, my dear Frank, to find that you are so much stronger than when you left England, and hope, now that the year is so far advanced, that you will stay where you are through the winter, and come back to us thoroughly rejuvenated, with the swallows in spring. Your account of the old Italian *maestro* and his little household was excellent, and might, I think, be elaborated without much trouble into a tolerable paper for the *Metropolitan*. Send me a full account of what you are engaged on, next time you write. I am afraid, from the tone of your letter, that you are growing too dreamy and transcendental—that you read too much poetry and see too many dark eyes for your peace of mind. The society of a hard-headed practical fellow like me for a week or two would do you a world of good.

I wish, *cher ami*, that I possessed your ready pen, your easy flowing style, your happy knack of putting down whatever you wish to say without any apparent effort. To me, writing is hard work; my thoughts move crabbedly; my style is no style at all, but a series of angular jerks without grace or unity of design; my fingers feel far more at home with a rifle between them than they do when handling a pen. I trust, therefore, sir, that you will value my lucubrations all the more when you consider under what difficulties they are written.

Why I wish for your pen at this time more than another, is, that it might assist me to state clearly certain particulars which I wish to lay before you, without exactly knowing how best to set about doing so.

I came to Normanford three weeks ago, an utter stranger to the place. I was captivated with it at the first view, and determined to make it my headquarters for some time to come, especially as I knew there was some good fishing to be had in the neighborhood, and my work was so far ahead that I could spare a few half-days without detriment to the interest of anybody. After passing a couple of nights at the only tolerable hotel in the place, I engaged my present lodgings—two rooms *en suite* in the house of a decent widow body, who does her best to make me comfortable. Normanford does not, I imagine, contain over a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants, but its situation is more picturesque and romantic than that of any other English town with which I am acquainted. It lies in the hollow of a most lovely valley, three or four miles in length, but nowhere very wide, shut in on both sides by hills wooded to their very summits, which here and there are split as by some great movement of nature countless ages ago; road and river in many places wind in and out between huge precipices of rock that impend grimly on either hand.

Every little country town in England has its great man, to whom it looks up with reverence, on whom it is more or less dependent and who sways its destinies in a greater or lesser degree; and Normanford is no exception to the rule. The great man to whom it touches its cap respectfully, not to say obsequiously, is Sir Philip Spenceleugh of Belair—a personage of great wealth and blameless life, who can trace back his pedigree almost to the flood. Although only a baronet, he is quite as important a personage in Monkshire as my Lord Clopford himself, whose title only dates back to the reign of the Second Charles, and whose castle, some dozen miles from here, is the great show-place of the county. The greater portion of the property in the neighborhood of the town belongs either to the owner of Belair, or to his niece, who is said to be even richer than he is, and who is young, charming, and unwedded; but of her more hereafter.

Before proceeding to give you an account of my reception at Belair, and the events which followed it, I must go back to the date of my arrival at Normanford, and deal first with certain occurrences, trifling in themselves, perhaps, but possessed of a singular interest for me, as throwing an unexpected ray of light on the great mystery of my life.

I have already stated that my first two nights in Normanford were spent at its principal hotel, a great rambling place, a relic, I suppose, of the old coaching-days, many of its rooms being now denuded of furniture, and entirely unused. It is widely known under the sign of the *Hand and Dagger* (part of the armorial cognizance of the family at Belair), and is kept by a widow of the name of Winch, a tall, angular, hard-featured woman, with slaty eyes, and a most determined-looking mouth. She is not, however, too far advanced in life to have lost all hopes of matrimony, her "intended," who came in, and to whom I was introduced, in the course of my first evening, being a chemist of the name of Brackenridge, who keeps a shop in the town. He is much younger than the widow—not over thirty, I imagine—and is a stoutly-built man, with huge, sandy whiskers, and a face that would be handsome if it bore fewer traces of premature dissipation, and where bon cynicism defiant in expression. What his object is in seeking the hand of the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, it is not, I think, difficult to opine; but the widow's eyes are evidently blind to all his imperfections. He seemed disposed to fraternise with me, but beyond the barest civilities, I would have nothing to do with the fellow; he is one of those people to whom I take an antipathy at first sight—it may be prejudice on my part, but I can't help it—and I soon wandered out to smoke a solitary pipe.

I was just finishing breakfast next morning, which had been laid for me in the landlady's own little snuggery, when I heard a voice call loudly outside: "Jerry! Jerry!" Merely those two words: ridiculous words you will probably call them, but I cannot tell you how strangely I was moved at hearing them. Yes, they thrilled me through and through, and my memory seemed to go back to some far-distant time when I had heard those very words repeated, and that by a woman's voice. I sat for a moment or two like one petrified. Happily, I was alone; there was no one to observe how strangely I was affected. Where and when had I heard those words before? I asked myself the question again and again, but without being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. You know something of the mystery that surrounds the history of my early years, and how anything that seems to touch, however remotely, upon that time has for me an indescribable fascination: and I could only conclude, that to some vague recollection of that period which still lingered falsely in my memory, was due the sense of unfamiliar familiarity, if I may use such a term, with which the repetition of those two words affected me.

But who was "Jerry?" I got up from the table, and lighted my pipe, and wandered out towards the back premises of the house on a voyage of discovery. How I progressed, I will tell you to-morrow; for the present I am tired—so, good-night, and pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LETTER CONTINUED.

I walked through the long flagged passage leading to the back of the house without encountering any one, and was just about to enter the yard, when glancing through one of the side-windows, I saw a sight which brought me to a stand. Sitting astride a wooden bench, placed full in the warmth of the morning sun, was one of the strangest figures I have seen for a long time—a youth of eighteen or twenty, with features that were almost feminine in the delicacy of their outline, but freckled and burnt by the heats of summer; and with long tangled elf-locks, in color a pale yellow, falling low over his shoulders. On the ground near him was an old felt hat, gray and napless, in shape like a sugar-loaf; and on the other side of him, a steaming bowl of oatmeal porridge, waiting till it should be cool enough to be eaten. But what took my attention most was the singular way in which he was occupied. He was playing one of those long, tin whistles, the like of which may not unfrequently be seen among the *gamins* of London, and the music he elicited from it was such as I could not have believed so rude an instrument capable of producing. What the air was, I know not. It was one that I had never heard before—weird and melancholy, and for anything I know to the contrary, may have been improvised by himself. Over the bench in front of him was spread a piece of green baize, on which two large vipers were now placed, which swayed their heads slowly to and fro as he played, darting their long tongues here and there with every movement, and seeming mightily pleased with their master's shrill music. I stood for three or four minutes a silent spectator of this singular scene. At length, the youth ceased playing, and turned his head to look after his porridge, and as he did so, I saw, with a thrill of sorrowful surprise, that he was an idiot. No—that is too strong a word; he was what the Scotch call "daft," and Yorkshire folk "soft"—in fact, a harmless simpleton, with three grains of sense in his head to one of foolishness. His eyes told the story of his misfortune at once and yet they were beautiful eyes, large and bright, but with an expression in them beyond my skill to analyse.

"Jerry will catch thee a nice fat mouse to-night, my beautiful Mogaddo," he said, apparently addressing one of the reptiles. "But as for thee, my little Pipanta, thou shalt go supperless to bed; thou art getting too lazy to dance to thy lord's music, and thou must be punished. Jerry dreamt last night that he was king of the monkeys, and lived in a grand palace; and the monkeys were masters of everything; and all the men and women that were left in the world ran wild in the woods. And King Jerry, and his lords and ladies, went out hunting them; and it was rare sport to see how the men ran and hid themselves among the bushes, and to hear them roar with pain when our arrows took them in a tender part. And why shouldn't the monkeys be masters for the next thousand years, I should like to know? They would be a far jollier lot of fellows to live among than these miserable two-legged creatures that have it all their own way now. Beautiful Venus and red Mars would shine just as brightly if all this was to happen to-morrow. What would it matter to them? But Jerry wants his breakfast. When he is sultan of the apes, thou, Mogaddo, shalt be his grand vizier. Hoo-hoo-hoo!" and he ended his speech with a wild crackling laugh, such as no sane being could have given utterance to, and then fell to work ravenously on his porridge; while his two pets coiled themselves up on the green baize, and basked lazily in the grateful warmth of the sun.

This, then, was the Jerry whose name, when called aloud, had startled me so strangely. "Good-morning, Master Jerry," I said as I advanced; "you seem to be enjoying your breakfast." The poor lad started at my sudden appearance, and stared up in my face with a touching, wistful look, as though deprecating any possible anger on my part. "Sahib Mogaddo, too," I said, turning to the larger of the two vipers, "seems to relish the bright sunshine;" and as I spoke, I seized the reptile with my left hand by the tip of its tail, and running my right hand quickly up its back, grasped it tightly with my thumb and finger, just behind the head, and so held it, powerless for injury, while its body twisted and untwisted itself rapidly round my arm. "I met thy uncle one day on the banks of the Ganges, and thy grandfather among the Mountains of the Moon, and each of them sent thee a message," I continued, addressing myself to the viper; and with that mumbled over a few sentences of Arabic which I had picked up during my travels; while Jerry looked on with a silent awe, his nether lip trembling with nervous agitation. Afraid, apparently, lest I might treat Pipanta in the same unceremonious way, he hastened to seize the smaller viper, and put it away in a box which he drew from under the bench; and I was by no means sorry to deposit Mogaddo in the same place of security. Jerry was evidently disposed to regard me with reverence, if not with absolute fear: that any one should be on speaking-terms with his favorites, and introduce himself to them as a family friend, was something altogether beyond the narrow range of his experience. Where might the knowledge of this mysterious stranger be expected to stop? So, to show the depth of respect in which he held me, he proceeded to favor me with a series of old-fashioned rustic bows, running the open palm of his hand close up by his face, and then bringing it down through the air in a sweeping curve almost to his feet. "Jerry hopes that your Lordship has salubrity of health, this saffron-tinted morn," said the poor lad. "He is your Highness's most complaisant and obedient slave. My lord Mogaddo and his bride, the beautiful Pipanta, are your slaves. *We* know nothing, and the master, to whom everything is known, holds the key of our destiny."

What answer I should have made to this high-flown tirade, I cannot say, but at this moment Mrs. Winch entered the yard. "Good-morning, sir," she said. "I perceive that you are making the acquaintance of my poor boy. Heaven, for some wise purpose, has seen fit to afflict him, but he is none the less dear to a mother's heart: it may be, indeed, that I love him more than I should do were he the same as others;" and the widow bent and kissed her son's forehead fondly. But Jerry was again ravenously intent on finishing his breakfast, and seemed to have no attention to spare for either his mother or myself. The widow signed to me to follow her. As soon as we reached her little parlor, she turned to me and said: "Last night, sir, in the course of conversation, you mentioned that you were a photographer by profession. Would it be too great a favor to ask you to take the portrait of my poor boy some day when you may have a little spare time? It is what I have desired to have—a good one I mean—for a long time. I will pay you whatever you may choose to ask." "I will take your son's portrait with pleasure," I replied (and so I would have done, for it isn't every day that one has an opportunity of adding such an original to one's gallery); "although portraiture is out of my usual line of business; and I only dabble a little in it occasionally, and that merely for my own amusement; still, in the present case, I will gladly do my best to give you satisfaction; and as for the expense, we will talk about that some other time."

I was away at Eastringham all that day on matters of business, and did not get back to the *Hand and Dagger* till close upon eleven o'clock. "Mr. Brackenridge and I have been talking about photography this evening," said the widow to me as I lingered over my last pipe. "He tells me that by its means copies of fading portraits may be taken, and that thus the features of those who, when living, were dear to us may be perpetuated for years after the original likeness has become blurred and unrecognizable with age. Will you, sir, kindly tell me whether this is so or not?" "What Mr. Brackenridge told you is to some extent true," I replied. "Pictures can, of course, be photographed just as any other object can; but the brighter the picture is, the clearer will the photograph of it be: a dim picture will yield but a dim copy through the camera. But you had better let me see any portrait that you may wish to have photographed, and I can then judge better as to its capabilities for coming out well under the process." "I am really ashamed, Mr. English, to trouble you about such a trifle," said the landlady, "but I have, up-stairs, a portrait of my brother, which has, unfortunately, been hung for some time in a damp room, and I now find that the colors are fading rapidly, and that in another year or two it will look nothing more than an unmeaning daub." "Let me see the portrait," I said; "something can be made of it, I have no doubt." The interest I showed in the matter evidently pleased her; she rose with a gratified air, and went at once to fetch the picture. She came back with it almost immediately, and laid it on the table before me. It was a poor thing enough—a Kit-cat, done in water-colors, in that florid style of art so popular among a certain class about the time that you and I were born. But scarcely had I set eyes on it before *I recognised it as the portrait of a man whom I knew when I was a child*—of a man whose rugged and strongly-marked face I have but too much reason to remember; and the same instant there flashed across my mind the very time, place, and circumstances under which I had heard those two words: "Jerry, Jerry," called aloud many years ago, the sudden repetition of which had so startled me that very morning. Yes, that man on whose portrait I was now gazing was the very man to whom those words were addressed. The whole scene rose before me in a moment, as clear and vivid as one of my own photographs. Here it is. Daybreak on a bitterly cold morning. A man is riding away from the door of a little house in a little, shabby country town—not an English town—and mounted behind him, with his arms round the man's waist, is a lad of nine—your friend John English, to wit, only his name wasn't John English then. They are riding slowly down the silent street, when a shrill voice behind them calls "Jerry, Jerry." They both look back, and see a white-faced woman standing in the doorway of the house they have just left, earnestly motioning to them to return. But the man only mutters a curse, and digs the spurs into his horse, and the sparks fly out of the flinty roadway as the animal springs suddenly forward; and as they turn the corner of the street, the boy, still looking back, sees the woman's clasped hands flung up suddenly above her head, as though in prayer or invocation; and then she passes from his sight for ever; and the man and he ride wildly on for what seems to the lad a terribly long time, till at length the latter drops asleep from very weariness, and is only kept from falling by the belt which fastens him to his companion; and when he awakes, it is to find himself in a strange place, and among strange faces, and to be told that he will never see the man who brought him again, whereat he is not sorry.

Such was the picture, my dear Frank, which the sight of that faded old portrait brought back so vividly from the dim recesses of my memory. It was all that I could do to retain my self-possession under the keen eyes of the widow, while pretending to be making a close examination of the painting. The beating of my heart, for a minute or two, seemed to deafen me; strange lights danced before my eyes; the room, and everything in it, except that stern-faced woman before me, seemed to fade into unreality; and it was as though I, John English, were looking down upon some other man, who sat there in sad perplexity, not knowing what to do next. But a question from the widow soon recalled my scattered wits. "Well, sir, what is your opinion?" she said. "Do you think that anything like a tolerable photograph can be taken of it?" "Undoubtedly," I said. "A person who understands his business well might, with care, obtain a very fair reproduction." I said this more to gain time than for any other reason; and my next remark had the same end in view. "If I remember rightly, Mrs. Winch, you stated that it was the portrait of your brother?" "Yes," she said, rather plaintively, "the portrait of a very dear brother, who died many years ago. My poor boy is named after him."

Her boy named after him! If any doubt had previously existed in my mind as to who her my memory were playing me false, these words would have been sufficient to remove it; but even so, I determined to extort further testimony from her, if it were possible to do so. "Yes, Mrs. Winch," I said, "if you will intrust this portrait into my keeping, I will engage to make you a very excellent photographic copy of it. But do you know, the more I look at it, the more it gives me the impression that it is the portrait of a man who walked with a limp—of a man one of whose legs was shorter than the other. Ridiculous, of course, but that is the idea it gives me." As I said these words, I looked full and unflinchingly into the widow's eyes. Her face blanched to a dull deathly gray before I had done speaking, while the firm fire of her eyes quailed and flickered, and then fell utterly before my gaze. Her thin lips tightened over her large white teeth; her breath came and went rapidly; and her long thin fingers closed unconsciously over the wine-glass which she happened to be holding at the time, and crushed it to fragments in their convulsive gripe. She got up without a word, and stretched out her arms, and drew the picture to her, like a woman in a state of somnambulism, and then turned and walked slowly from the room. But when she reached the doorway, she stopped; and her head came slowly round, as though it were worked by mechanism, till her eyes met mine with one brief fiendish look of mingled hate and fear, which, if looks possessed the power of annihilation, would have withered up your poor friend on the spot. I saw the widow no more that night.

I was too much excited to sleep, and sat by the open window of my bedroom, smoking and thinking till daybreak. How can I set down, how make you comprehend, even a tithe of what I thought as I sat there? Some vague outline of my history is already known to you, and one of these days I will fill in the details, and color the picture for you; but even then, you will but faintly realize my state of mind on that night, when I deemed I had found the key that would unlock the dark mystery in which, as in an iron chest, hitherto to me impenetrable, lay hidden the secret of my early life.

I encountered Mrs. Winch at the foot of the stairs, as I was coming down to breakfast next morning. I thought she looked paler than usual, but her demeanor was as quiet and impassive as it always was. "You must have thought me very rude last night, Mr. English," she said with a smile. "I believe I actually snatched my brother's portrait out of your hands, and left the room without a word. Pray, accept my apology for such ill manners; to explain which, I must tell you what is well known to my intimate friends, that I am subject to sudden attacks of vertigo, combined with sickness. Feeling the premonitory symptoms of an attack last night, I hastened to leave the room while I had still some control over my actions. The act of seizing the picture was merely an instinctive impulse to reclaim what I value so highly, and at the moment I was only half conscious of what I was doing. You will pardon me, will you not?"

What could I do but utter some commonplace phrases of civility that meant nothing? In my secret heart, I believed that the woman was lying to me; her tone carried no conviction with it: and again, how could I believe her in the face of the fact that I had certainly recognized the portrait of the man she called her brother, and that her sudden illness declared itself exactly at the moment when she became aware of such recognition on my part? No—there was certainly something more in the case than was just then visible on the surface; and it was equally as certain that I had made this woman my enemy; in those cold gray eyes, and that set, colorless face, I read a strength of implacability that might well have made a nervous man tremble in his shoes. Happily, I am not nervous, and rather enjoy the fact of having an enemy than otherwise; it is like caviare, and gives a zest to an otherwise insipid *plat*; for, after all, life is insipid in this dull conventional England. Still, I think a man had better have six enemies of his own sex, than have one woman against him who has the power and the will to work him harm. (*N. B.*—Do not suppose from this that I am afraid of the widow.)

"I think, Mr. English, I heard you mention yesterday that you intended going up to Belair this morning?" said Mrs Winch interrogatively, as she brought in my coffee herself. "Such is certainly my intention," I replied. "If you will permit me, sir, to give you a word of advice," continued the landlady, "I would recommend you to go, in the first instance, to Lady Spenceleugh rather than to Sir Philip. The baronet is in very delicate health at present, and all power is vested in the hands of her Ladyship, a word from whom to Sir Philip would at once insure the success of your mission. By-the-by, while I am here, I may as well tell you that Mrs. Jakeway, of Cliff Cottage, has got two very nice rooms to let, which I think would suit you exactly. I intend writing her a note presently, which I will send down by Jerry; and you, sir, will perhaps be good enough to step in as you go through the town on your way to Belair, and see whether the apartments are to your liking."

All this certainly seemed very kind and plausible on the part of the widow, but I am afraid I scarcely felt sufficiently grateful for her good offices; in her demeanor towards me there was a sort of insincerity impossible to analyze, but none the less certainly there.

When the girl who ordinarily waited upon me came in to remove the breakfast things, she told me that her mistress had just received a telegram, which had been brought express from the nearest railway station, about six miles away, informing Mrs. Winch that her mother was dying, and that if she wished to see her alive she must start by the first train without fail. The girl added, that the news had affected her mistress a good deal, but that the first thing Mrs. Winch did after hearing it was to write and send off two notes, one addressed to Lady Spenceleugh of Belair, and the other to Mrs. Jakeway of Cliff Cottage; and that everything was now hurry and bustle in the house, to enable her to get off in time to catch the train.

"I have sent a note down to Cliff Cottage," said Mrs. Winch when she came in, a few minutes later, to bid me good-bye. "I think you will find the rooms to your liking;" and with that she went, and I saw her no more for nearly a fortnight.

A note for Lady Spenceleugh of Belair! Was Mrs. Winch, then, on such familiar terms with her Ladyship that she could presume to write to her? But what business was it of mine if she chose to write fifty notes? Probably it was nothing more than a bill for ale or wine supplied to the Hall. And yet, do what I would, I

could not get the idea out of my head that the Landlady's note had reference in some way to my approaching visit to Belair.

I found Cliff Cottage without difficulty. It was pleasantly situated on the outskirts of the town, and formed one of two small semi-detached houses standing quite alone in gardens of their own. The other house, as I was not long in learning, was tenanted by Brackenridge the chemist, whose shop was half a mile away in the town. Mrs. Jakeway was a clean, apple-faced, motherly little woman, brisk and busy from morning till night, with an intense pride in her neat little house, and a pardonable weakness on the subject of chimney-ornaments and anti-macassars, of which articles she possessed sufficient to stock a house six times as large as her own. "Law bless you, sir!" she said, when I had introduced myself and made known my business, "why, I had a note from Mrs. Winch only half an hour ago, telling me, I suppose, that you were about to call, and that you were a respectable gentleman; but I can see that well enough by your looks: I've not lived in the world all this time without having my eyes about me; and if the rooms suit you, I shall be very glad, and will do my best to make you comfortable."

"But if you have received Mrs. Winch's note, you of course know what she says," I replied.

"No, that I don't," answered the little woman, as sharp as a needle; "for, as it happens, I mislaid my spectacles this morning, and I might just as well try to fly as to read that scrawly spider sort of writing without 'em. I know the note was from Mrs. Winch, because Jerry brought it. Here it is, sir, and I shall take it as a favor if you will just read it out aloud, and let us hear what the widow has to say. A very decent respectable woman is Mrs. Winch, and everybody in Normanford will tell you the same thing."

She held out the note as she spoke. "But there may be something in it," I remonstrated, "intended for your eye alone."

"Don't you think anything of the kind, sir," said the little woman emphatically. "There's no secrets between Mrs. Winch and me; and I shall just take it as a favor if you will read it out aloud."

She was so urgent on the point that I could not well refuse to comply with her request; so I took the note, carelessly enough, and opened it, never dreaming for a moment that it was anything other than what Mrs. Jakeway imagined it to be—a simple recommendation of myself as a tenant for the vacant rooms at Cliff Cottage. But it was something very different indeed, as I saw at once when I had made myself master of the spiky irregular hand in which it was written.

It was the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh, which had been enclosed by Mrs. Winch in the wrong envelope!

It ran as follows: "DEAR LADY SPENCELAUGH—Be on your guard against the stranger who will come up to Belair to-day to ask permission to take some photographs of the Hall. Refuse his request, and do not allow him to see Sir Philip. *He is dangerous.* He knows *something*, but how much or how little I cannot at present tell. I am unable to see you, having just been summoned to the bedside of my mother, who is dying. Your Ladyship's devoted M. W. Burn this when read."

I sat staring at the letter like a man in a dream, till Mrs. Jakeway's shrill voice recalled me to the necessity of explaining my silence. "A nasty awkward hand to read, ain't it, sir?" said the old lady. "Folk now-a-days seem to try how badly they can write."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Jakeway," I replied very gravely, "but Mrs. Winch has evidently made a mistake in sending this note here. It is intended for Lady Spencelaugh, to whom the note for you has probably been sent. If you will oblige me with a light, some sealing-wax, and an envelope, I will at once enclose it to the writer, and your maid can take it down to the *Hand and Dagger* some time in the course of the day."

I think it probable that the old lady would have demurred to my summary disposition of her note, but I spoke so authoritatively, and looked so grim and determined, that she was frightened into submission, and got me the articles I wanted without a word. I addressed the envelope to Mrs. Winch, and marked it with the word *Private*, and wrote inside, "With Mr. John English's compliments: sent in mistake to Cliff Cottage;" and then enclosed the note, and sealed it up in the presence of Mrs. Jakeway, who looked on in wondering silence, and promised faithfully that it should be delivered at the hotel in the course of the day. "If the mistress of the *Hand and Dagger* and I are to be enemies," I said to myself, "the warfare on my side at least shall be fair and above board."

Having completed all needful arrangements with regard to my apartments, I set out for Belair with a heart that beat more high and anxiously than usual. What did that woman mean by saying that I was dangerous? I, at least, was ignorant of my own power for harm. And why should I be dangerous to Lady Spencelaugh, of all persons in the world, of whose very existence I was utterly ignorant three days before? Into the heart of what strange mystery was I about to plunge? Vain questions, but pondered so deeply as I walked up to Belair, that I had no eyes for the beautiful scenery through the midst of which I was passing.

How I sped at Belair, I must leave for another epistle. This one is so unconscionably long, that I am afraid you will never wade to the end of it. Write soon, old boy, and let me have a good account of your health. *Vale.* Ever thine, JOHN ENGLISH.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENNUI.

The day comes up above the roofs
All sallow from a night of rain;
The sound of feet, of wheels and hoofs
In the blurred streets begin again.

The same old toil—no end—no aim!
The same vile babble in my ears;
The same unmeaning smiles; the same
Most miserable dearth of tears.

The same vile sounds: the same dull lack
Of justice in the level gray!
It seems like Yesterday come back
With his old things, and not To-Day.

OWEN MEREDITH.

☞ A young lady, while on her way to be married, was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked: 'She has avoided a more lingering and horrible destiny.'

THE WOMAN WHO CAN DRIVE A NAIL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"I'm hanged if ever *I* saw one," says Ed.

"Well, I didn't ever see one either, but it won't do to admit that, if I'm to write about her. The masculine race would laugh so, and if there's one thing I do hate above another, it's to let a man laugh at a woman. And I can describe nearly what a woman ought to be, if she *could* drive a nail. Besides, there isn't one woman in ten thousand who couldn't do it better than a man, if she wanted to."

Therefore I take my pen in hand, and stoutly, and with big, positive letters describe to you THE WOMAN WHO CAN DRIVE A NAIL.

She is the mother of ten small girl children. Her husband, in his day, was not what our grandmothers called "a good provider," not by any means. In fact the only foolish thing she ever did was to marry him, a poor, shiftless soul, with not so much spring to him as a lump of dough. And he departed this life, leaving her with the numerous progeny above-mentioned, and nothing else. But she takes care of them, she does. Ten girl children are nothing in the eyes of a woman who can drive a nail. Bless you, no! She has more "faculty" than a dozen Yankee housekeepers. Her cow never goes unmilked o' nights, her pig doesn't root into next door's garden, and her hens don't take liberties with the neighbor's early corn. You won't find a weed in her flower-beds, a broken down trellis in her yard, nor a rat-hole under her kitchen door. She has not a leaky eave-trough, nor a loose clap-board, nor a gate off its hinges about her premises.

Because she can drive a nail.

And I wish you could see her manage her hammer. She neither cracks her thumb, nor splits a board, nor breaks off a nail. She always hits the nail square on the head.

She is never behindhand and never in a hurry. Nor was she ever seen out of patience or out of temper. Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness its poison, says "Stanislaus, King of Poland," and the woman whom I describe to you puts this maxim into practice entirely. Her spirit fairly runs over with bubbling, warm, rich life. She refuses to fret or worry about anything in this world. And she never fainted nor had a nervous headache nor a hysteric in her life. She is plump and good-natured, with a merry, bright eye, and a jolly, happy body. She helps everybody else out of trouble, but herself hardly ever wants help. She is merciful and charitable even to the dumb dog in the street. And there is not a shadow of anything spiteful or vindictive about her. She doesn't envy Mrs. Green either her back hair or her nice husband. Moreover, she wears her last winter's bonnet, which is the climax of independence in a woman. And the oldest inhabitant never heard her talk gossip.

Because she can drive a nail.

But don't think she is one of those easy, credulous souls whom sham distress in any form it pleases to take, can impose upon. No indeed. Neither her head nor her heart is soft enough for that. She can look straight through a matter from top to bottom, with an eye which convinces pretended misery that it had better tramp. And there is no such thing as fooling her in a bargain. Her wits are sharp enough to cope with a Chicago grain speculator. She is bright, keen, and active as a sewing-machine, and much cleverer. When she once makes up her mind that a certain thing is right, you can move her no more than a mountain. Also, I haven't the least idea that she would make a submissive wife. That's the beauty of her. When and where you will, you will find her the same merry, wholesome, solid, dependable person; in a word, you will find her to be that mythical, long-sought, almost impossible Woman with no humbug about her.

Because she is the woman who can drive a nail.

ZED.

Music of Solomon's Temple.

The disentombing of Assyrian sculptures and the deciphering of Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions, have opened new fields of investigation in almost every department of knowledge. Among the branches of science which have shared in these discoveries, that of music has been benefitted largely. The accounts of ancient musical instruments were vague, and our ideas, especially of Hebrew music, were confused, till recently sculptures and paintings have been brought to light which delineate the musical instruments of the early Oriental nations, and in a number of cases veritable specimens have been disentombed. Such, for example, is an Egyptian harp found in Thebes, with its strings yet perfect enough to vibrate again, after a silence of three thousand years.

The more recent investigations prove that the parent of all known musical science was Assyria. From the Assyrians, the Hebrews and the Egyptians, and, indeed, all Eastern nations, derived their knowledge of music. The unveiled monuments show that in the time of Sennacherib music was a highly cultured art, and must have existed through generations. This polished nation used a harp of twenty-one strings, the frame of which was four feet high, which accompanied minstrel songs, or was borne in the dance. The lyre of tortoise shell, the double pipe, the trumpet, drum and bell were common. Even of the bagpipe representations have been discovered, though none of stringed instruments like the violin played with the bow.

In all delineations of social or worshipping assemblies, musical instruments very like our modern ones, have a prominent place. The Hebrew music, at the time of the Exodus, was purely Egyptian; but it was much modified subsequently by association with Asiatic nations. In the Temple of Jerusalem, according to the *Talmud*, stood a powerful organ, consisting of a wind-chest with ten holes, containing ten pipes, each pipe capable of emitting ten different sounds by means of finger holes, so that a hundred sounds could be produced by it. It was provided with two pedals of bellows and ten keys, so that it could be played with the fingers. According to the Rabbins, it could be heard a great distance from the Temple.

☞ If you would interest newspaper readers, Mr. Young Author, remember to be brief, to be pointed, to state facts, to exile prefaces and fine sentences, to condense, to garrote five-sixths of your adjectives, and to stop whittling your stick when the pith is reached.

☞ AN ARTIST OF ABILITY.—"W——— is an artist of great ability," said one. "I don't know," said another, "I am certain he is an artist of great irritability."

UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin:
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

MISS ROSSETTI.

THE ROWING MATCH;

Or, Which Shall Have Her?

(CONCLUDED.)

BY ENSIGN TOMBS.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE START.

Lough Rheay, a short distance up the Shannon, above Athlone, is a good-sized sheet of water, too often and accurately described by tourists to need any detailed notice. It is a pretty lake, dotted with a number of little islands, which rise out of the water on every side, besides two large ones, which are inhabited respectively by the Marquis of Weameath and a retired officer in the army.

Here was the scene of our regatta. A very successful affair it proved. The lake was big enough for all the Westmeath and Roscommon world; and all the world, as represented by those two counties, did come accordingly. The crowd of boats, yachts, little steamers, and the like was immense. Every species of river craft was represented, and as each boat was plentifully provisioned, the whole affair assumed the appearance of a grand water pic-nic. The day was lovely, the sun only too hot; the lake, like a sheet of rippling gold, stretched out beneath the cloudless blue sky; the ladies in every variety of costume and color, like moving clusters of flowers. But I had something else to do besides admiring the beauties of art or nature. Three mortal races did I row in; and only he who has pulled in a boat-race can tell how much is implied in those few words. In two my boat was successful; in the third we were vanquished, yet not ingloriously; the winning crew being fresh, while we Slashers had been severely tried before. However, we carried off the ladies' cup, which was the great prize of the day.

It was four o'clock when the last race ended. True to Lobley's prophecy, the crowd of yachts and boats moved off in one continuous procession towards Athlone. The heat had been intense. Victors, vanquished, and spectators were alike tired and sunburnt; visions of cool rooms, sofas, and quiet, flitted before the mind; and besides, there was a sort of *fête champêtre* at Lord Fortmaine's in the evening, to which all the world (within the above-mentioned limits) was invited.

According to Lobley's idea, I was to go with the crowd as far as Ned's, which lay a few hundred yards down the river, make some pretence for stopping there, wait till every one was out of sight, and then row back quietly to the lake, where he would meet me. All this was easy enough, except as regarded one's own personal feelings. No one seemed to be going home by himself. Those who had sculled up to the races were sure to have joined some merry party in one of the large boats. Quite a fleet of small skiffs, thus deprived of their occupants, were being towed back empty at the stern of one of the steamers. I seemed the only one alone, and I had already refused several pressing invitations to join sundry parties of my Athlone friends, who most of them possessed yachts, and were hospitably bent on taking back a full cargo. Besides, there was Lord Fortmaine's affair to dress for; I should have no time for a quiet rest, and my back was aching, and face burning, and limbs cramped and stiff, and altogether I felt particularly miserable. But the worst was to come.

I was close to Ned's, and about to pull to shore, when "Boat ahoy!" sang out a cheery voice, and at the same moment, a coil of rope was flung to, or rather over me, and before I knew what I was about, I was drawn up to the side of Colonel Cox's yacht, which was sailing merrily homewards, filled from stem to stern with the Crow's Nest party, Seatons, Coxes, and Crabs. A shout of welcome greeted me; congratulations on my pulling, reproaches for not having joined them before, and, finally, a peremptory order to jump in and leave my boat to be towed along behind. How I wished I could!

"I have saved a place for you, Mr. Tombs," said Mary Cox, "here, between Maggie and me. You shall be under our special charge."

"Come, jump in, boy!" said the Colonel.

Was ever an unfortunate sub so tried? "I—I—I—am afraid I can't, sir, just now," I stammered.

"Can't just now!" repeated the Colonel, laughing. "Well, get in, and make up your mind afterwards. We shall be at Athlone in a few 'just nows.'"

"You really must excuse me, sir; I should like it above all things, but you see I have an engagement."

"An engagement!" said two or three together, looking round. "We were verily the 'Last of the Mohicans;' all the other boats were ahead."

"Is it with a wild duck, or a friendly young salmon?" asked the Colonel, with a smile.

"Oh, dear! I wish he'd get in," sighed Mary Cox; "he is pulling the boat so dreadfully to one side."

"I—I must call at Ned's for a moment," I went on. "I forgot something there." The Colonel's face darkened. Fool that I was! I had forgotten that he disliked the place most thoroughly, as doing no good (in a temperance point of view) to either officers or men.

"'Ned's!' where is that?" cried one of the little Cox boys.

"Never mind, Charlie," said the Colonel, quietly. "If Mr. Tombs has an engagement, I suppose he must keep it. Sorry we have taken you so far out of your course. See you later on, I dare say. Good-bye."

I had just time to notice the look of surprise which ran round the yacht—a reproachful look, as I thought, from Maggie, a whistle of perplexity from Dr. Crab,—and they were gone, leaving me rocking about in my little boat, too vexed and mortified to think about taking to my oars, while Ned's was already several hundred yards behind. Never was such an unlucky meeting! To offend all my friends for the sake of an absurd piece of foolery like this! I could have cried with vexation, and, boy-like—for, ensigncy, love-making, and all included, what was I but a boy?—I believe tears did come into my eyes as I pulled back slowly towards the silent and deserted lake. How dreary, to be sure, it looked, by comparison with the hour before!

Sure enough Lobley was in waiting. He had been lurking about all day, out of sight, and was paddling gently up and down, near the head of the river, that I might be sure not to miss him.

"I am so much obliged to you for this, Tombs," he said, as I rowed alongside. "You are really a very good-natured fellow."

"Never mind blarneying," I said, shortly. "Let us get the thing over, and have done with it. Where is it to be?"

He pointed out the course he had fixed upon. The finish was at a small island, nearly half a mile from shore. It was not a particularly stiff pull, and even if it had been, I was too intent on getting back to Athlone to care about it. Without a word I rowed to the starting-point, another small island close at hand.

"Here, old fellow, I brought a flask with me, in case you should be tired," said Lobley, who was provokingly civil. "It'll do you good."

"Don't want Dutch courage. I can beat you without that, never fear. Do you wish for any start?"

"Not a yard," replid Lobley, in the same grave tone and manner. "Recollect, Tombs, you consented of your own free will to this arrangement—so it isn't fair to get in a rage about it. After all, you know you can beat me: you said so a moment ago; and if you do, I have promised not to think of Maggie again. That is, if I can help it," added the poor fellow, disconsolately.

I was a bit vexed with myself, but did not like to show it.

"Well, come on then," I said, and we both settled ourselves for a start.

But to start fairly was no easy task. There was a considerable under-current flowing towards the Shannon, and both the boats began to drift away from the island while we prepared for action. After a minute's deliberation we hit on a somewhat novel idea. Each was to land, and stand close to the water's edge, holding his boat by the painter. Then, at a given signal, we were to embark, get out oars, and pull away in the best and quickest manner we could. It was Lobley's notion, and I rather liked it. No sooner thought of than done, and there we were, a few paces from one another, holding in our boats close to shore, while a solitary water-fowl, who was swimming about fifty yards off, stared at us as if he knew there was something funny on hand.

"Are you ready?" I said, impatiently. "Is it to be one—two—three—and away?"

"No, no. The one who speaks has the advantage. I had rather have some independent signal."

"What does the man mean? Are we to wait till somebody comes from Athlone to start us?"

"Don't be in a hurry, Tombs. Do you see that water-fowl?"

"Well."

"When it ducks or flies away, which it is sure to do directly, then we will be off."

Without more ado we stood and waited. The wretched animal floated quietly in lazy ease, looking at us with its head a little to one side, without any intention apparently of putting itself to the slightest exertion.

"What humbug it is!" I exclaimed at last. "Lobley, we shall be here all night at this rate."

He made no answer, but stood with his eyes fixed on the bird, evidently prepared for a spring.

It was no use. I watched again. The brute was washing itself, dipping its head into the water, and shaking the drops over its feathers. But never a duck and never a fly.

"Why, the wretch is going to bed," I said again, "and this is its way of undressing."

Still no answer. Lobley was too much in earnest to joke.

I seated myself on the grass in a sort of bravado, still keeping hold of the painter. "If you like to tire your legs, I don't and won't. That bird will float away out of sight before you get a rise or fall out of it. It is having a rise out of *us*, instead," I added, with a lame attempt at a pun. "Come, Lobley, don't be an ass. Get into your boat. I'll give you thirty seconds' clear start—there."

"We start fair, or not at all," he said, without turning his head.

"Then I shall lie back and snooze a bit. Mind you awake me as you go, there's a good fellow."

I put my head back on the soft grass as I spoke, not to sleep, but to vex my rival by showing how little I thought of his possible chance of winning.

Another minute passed. It was Lobley this time who broke the silence.

"Tombs, I am very sorry, but I must ask a moment's grace. My coat is getting wet."

It was indeed. Flung carelessly over the stern of the boat, it had either slipped gradually into the water through some weight in one of the pockets, or been fidgetted over the side through its owner's nervous endeavors to keep the boat steady in one position. I had to hold both painters while he pulled it up and shook it. A couple of minutes passed before we resumed our old positions, and then we both looked out for the duck.

Why! Yes, it was too true! *The duck had disappeared!* While we had been busy he had either gone under or flown away. There was not a feather of him to be seen. It was too ludicrous. I burst into a fit of laughter. Even Lobley smiled.

"Come," said I, "I'm off, anyhow. You may come if you like. I shall start, and if you choose to wait any longer, I shall row over the course by myself, that's all!"

We jumped into our boats without more delay.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

"Four races in one day! Poough! how my back aches! and I verily believe my left arm will be useless for a week to come. This boat is as heavy as lead, and I declare it is hotter now than it has been all day."

I did not exactly say all this, good reader. Breath is too precious at such a time to be wasted. But such were my thoughts. It was heavier work than I had bargained for. Lobley pulled well, too,—better than I could have given him credit for. They were no hurried, jerky strokes which he took. I had half expected to see him tug away excitedly, and tire himself out in a couple of minutes. No,—it was a long, cool, steady stroke, which sent his boat through the water much faster than I wished, and indeed a little ahead of my own. "He can't surely keep it up," I thought, as I pulled doggedly on, trying to feel as unconcerned as I had done at starting. It was no use. I was getting excited in spite of myself. What! to be beaten, and have to resign the prize just as I had it fairly within my grasp! Love all for the sake of a quixotic piece of folly! I clenched my teeth, and spurted more vigorously than I had done a few hours before for the Ladies' Cup. Ah! well done. I had no occasion to look sideways, Lobley was behind, and his strokes were shorter and more jerky. He had caught the infection. Bravo! let him only tax his strength to the utmost, and we should see whether my trained muscles would not even endure this fourth strain better than those which had never been tried at an oar for months. I spurted away harder than ever. Lobley followed suit. The perspiration fell in drops from my burning forehead. Never mind, I could see Lobley's face positively glowing, actually a white heat, as he cast anxious glances from time to time over his shoulder. I had frightened him out of that dangerously cool, steady, long stroke. He was exhausting himself without gaining an inch more ground. Besides, he pulled unequally, and his boat yawed about in an uncertain manner, which looked like anything but winning.

There! surely I might slacken a little. He was thirty yards behind, directly in my rear. Strength and everything else were evidently going, while, although fearfully taxed, my arms and back were good for a few minutes yet. I went on like an automaton.

Crack! A slight crash, and round spun my boat with a suddenness which almost jerked me from my seat. The righthand rowlock had broken. Lobley gave a shout of triumph—I dare say quite involuntarily—as he watched me spin helplessly round. He evidently thought it a case. I confess for a moment I thought so too.

But only for a moment. It was none of your cockleshell outrigger "funnies" which I was pulling in. There were two thwarts, and a second pair of rowlocks near the stern, not meant for a single sculler, it is true, but available at a pinch. Their proper use was for a supplementary pair of oars, so that two men might pull, one behind the other, if required. Lobley gave a groan of despair as he saw me replace my oars and start afresh again, just as he had nearly succeeded in passing me. True, with my weight so much at the stern the boat was quite out of balance, the bow being high out of water. It made my work heavier than before, but I was desperate and determined to win, and I shot ahead again.

Fifty yards more and the race is over. The little island is quite close to me now. Come, it is no use delaying matters. One good spurt to finish with, and then hurrah for victory and Athlone! I bent forward with renewed vigor, and my little bark darted along, unevenly hung though it was, as if it knew the struggle was almost over.

Closer and closer grew the island. I was almost within the shadow of the trees which grew on the summit, when crash—a real unmistakable crash this time—and I was flung headlong into the water. I had rowed at full speed against one of a long row of upright stakes which stretched from the island right down into deep water. Interlaced with osiers these stakes had some use in connection with the salmon fishery, I believe. I say "I believe," for I am no fisherman now any more than I was then.

I had come once to the surface, and had sunk again, I fancy, before my senses returned. At all events, I had become practically acquainted with the taste of Lough Rheay water. No fear of drowning, however. I had only occasion to strike out once or twice, and I was within my depth, and had but to scramble out and shake myself. As to my boat, it had sunk like a stone. Never mind! I had reached the winning-post first, and Lobley's boat would hold two.

"Hold two!" By Jove! it did not even hold *one!* Was there some evil fairy afloat? Had Lobley come across a stake, too? A boat floating away keel uppermost, and Lobley's head bobbing up and down in the water, were the objects that greeted my astonished gaze, as I stood on the bank, dripping like a water Triton. In frantic endeavor to overtake me, my rival had pulled himself over, about the same moment that I had stove in the bottom of my boat!

My first impulse was to roar with laughter; my second, to shout in no gentle voice to my rival to secure his boat. Vain hope! he took no notice; and, indeed, it was too late. The skiff had got into one of the lake currents, and was floating swiftly away. Puffing and exhausted, Lobley staggered to my side. He could scarcely have swum a yard farther.

"Well, this is a pretty go!" I said, after a moment's pause, during which we had been looking at one another in mute consternation. "One boat sunk, the other gone back to Athlone, and we two drowned rats left here to fly home, I suppose, for there seems no other way. What do you think now of racing for love, eh, Lobley?"

But Lobley was too much done up to answer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CASTAWAYS.

Robinson Crusoe is, as everybody knows, the very best story for children ever written. I used, in times gone by, to play at being on a desert island, and had serious thoughts, on various occasions, of setting forth to discover one; if I could only have found an equally zealous companion, willing to act the subordinate part of man Friday. But this was Crusoeing with a vengeance!

I do not think the full misery of our situation dawned upon us all at once. I remember we were fully occupied for some time in taking off the different articles of our drenched apparel, and spreading them out to dry. We had only to fancy we were bathing, as I remarked. Fortunately, it was still hot enough for drying purposes; and the water was not so cold as to render our dip dangerous.

While thus undressed, we made an attempt to get at my boat. It was no very easy task, but we succeeded at last, by a series of divings, dippings, and haulings, which quite exhausted all our little remaining strength, and made us glad to dress and lie down in a state of utter prostration.

After all, our efforts were of no use. Owing to the bow being raised so high out of water, I

had run the boat fairly on to the stake, and stove in a plank completely. It was no mere hole, but a long rent—a fissure which nothing but hammer, nails, and a new piece of wood could have mended. We might as well have put to sea in a bottomless barrel.

"Why, Tombs, we may have to stop here all night!" exclaimed Lobley, aghast.

No doubt about it. We were a good half mile from the nearest shore. Perhaps, if we had been put to it, we could each have managed to swim about fifty yards; but half a mile—impossible.

The sun was sinking fast behind the western hills, and the rich golden ripples of the lake were changing into the cold dark blue of evening. It would be tolerably light for more than two hours still, but small use in that, with no one on water or land to see us. There were no houses near the lake; no high road ran near it. The world had gone back to Athlone. Lord Fortmaine's, the barracks, and the whiskey shops could, doubtless, have given a good account of them all. The dreary loneliness of the scene was something awful. Even our late friend the waterfowl would have been a relief; but he was probably gone home to bed like a sensible bird.

"Lord and Lady Fortmaine request the pleasure of Ensign Tombs' company," &c., &c. Do they? Don't they wish they may get it? What would they say if they saw 'Ensign Tombs," in only a loose boating under-jersey and trowsers, sitting on an island about twenty feet in diameter, in the middle of Lough Rhea? I grew almost mad with rage; anathematized Lobley, the race, the boat, myself, everything; stamped, ran round the island, threw myself on the grass, and, in short, behaved like a Bedlamite.

All this time, Lobley, by dint of repeated endeavors, and after many falls, by which he grievously tore his scanty raiment, had succeeded in climbing the tallest of the half dozen trees which grew on our island. Perched up aloft, he commenced tying his pocket handkerchief to the topmost bough, as a signal of distress.

"What's the good of that bit of a thing?" I called out. "Pull your shirt off, man, and you'll have something of a sensible size."

Now as Lobley had, like myself, neither coat nor waistcoat, the advice was scarcely civil or sensible, but I was too angry with him, as being the cause of the whole business, to care about courtesy. He made no answer, and took no notice of my suggestion. The pocket-handkerchief floated out in the light evening breeze, and he sat where he was to reconnoitre. I felt a strong inclination to challenge him to a second contest, one of fisticuffs, and let off a little of my wrath in thrashing or being thrashed. It would have warmed me, at any rate, and I was beginning to feel bitterly cold, besides being hungry enough to eat a jackass. And to think of the jolly feed I had promised myself at Lord Fortmaine's, doubly welcome after training regimen. And then there was Maggie—flirting, doubtless, at that very moment with Cadogan, Fullarton, and all the Slashers together! It was perhaps well for Lobley that he stayed where he was, for I could willingly have strangled him, at the moment.

"Anyhow, there's one comfort, I have won the race. You will please to hold to the agreement, and keep away from Miss Crab for the future," I observed, at last.

"Bother Miss Crab!" said Lobley, overhead; "we have something else to think about now. Although, by the way, Tombs, I doubt whether either of us can be said to have won. You did not row fairly to the island, and I'm sure I didn't either."

Was ever anything so coolly ridiculous?

"If you can't talk more sensibly than that, you had better shut up," I cried, indignantly.

"I think I shall refer the matter to arbitration, when I get back," said Lobley, majestically.

"You may refer it to the whole of Athlone, if you like, when you get there. Why, Lobley, I didn't think you would try to shuffle out of the bargain in this way!"

"We are each supposed to be with our boats," he went on, waxing more and more dogmatical every minute; "and neither boat reached the island."

"Yours is at Athlone by this time," I retorted, "and mine is here; so I have won by your own showing."

Lobley dropped suddenly down, as if I had shot him.

"My boat at Athlone!" he exclaimed. "Why, of course, so it may be! and I declare it never struck me! Then, depend upon it, they'll come to look for us."

"Who will?"

"Why, all our fellows, to be sure."

I was not so sure about it. Our brother officers were all at Lord Fortmaine's; the men were, doubtless, holding high carnival in the town, and there had been too many empty boats towed back from the lake for the arrival of another one to be a matter of much wonder. Very possibly the boat-keeper would think it the result of carelessness on the part of some one or other. At any rate, I was perfectly aware that things were all at sixes and sevens in the town, and what at any other time would have attracted attention, might now escape notice altogether.

As it turned out afterwards, the boat never reached Athlone at all, but grounded among the reeds on the river bank near the lake. Ireland is the worst country in the world to be lost in. Our boats might have been missing for a week before their owners would have thought of taking any trouble to find them; and as for our absence from barracks, only our servants could tell that we were not gone to Lord Fortmaine's, and they, as we learnt afterwards, comforted themselves with the idea that we had stayed somewhere on our way home, and never bothered their heads any more about the matter.

"Ignorance is bliss" sometimes. It was so with Lobley and myself. As the drowning man will clutch at the veriest straw, so we both tried to hope, and almost succeeded. Never were beings more helpless. No match wherewith to light a fire, nothing to eat or drink (Lobley's flask had gone overboard) scarcely any clothes, and now the dew was falling thick, and we began to feel woefully faint and cold. As for myself, the exertion I had undergone, added to mental excitement, had reacted, and I would have given all I possessed for one pull at the brandy I had so scornfully refused before the race.

Time wore on. The shadows deepened. It was evident that we were in for a night of it. "We may as well contrive some sort of shelter," suggested Lobley at length, and I wearily assented. My broken boat was our only resource. We crept under it, and huddled close together. If we had been twin brothers and sworn friends we could not have crept nearer to one another. "Babes in the wood and no robins," said my companion, as we lay gazing up at the stars through the broken bottom of the boat. "Come, Tombs, let us try to forget it all in sleep. We shall be picked in the morning, never fear."

I was too poorly to answer. Sleep I did, after a while, through pure exhaustion; but the cold and wet, and want of food finished their work in the night. When daylight broke I was in a raging fever, and Lobley, poor fellow, but little better.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"Awake at last, and conscious! Head cool; pulse, what there is of it, steady; eye clear. He'll do! Chicken broth, beef tea, port, jelly. Get him well in no time." So spake Dr. Crab four weeks after the night of the regatta. He was standing by the bedside of a patient, watch in one hand, patient's wrist in the other. Such a wrist it was! and such a hand beyond it! A cluster of bones—a ghastly rattle—a set of gigantic claws—anything but a human member. Verily, Dr. Crab, thou art an arch hypocrite! To hear the talk, and look at thy jubilant red face, literally glowing with delight, one would have expected the patient to be, if not quite well, at least something better than that poor yellow-black (there's no other name for it) wizened skeleton of a thing, which lies perfectly helpless, a caricature upon humanity, as near death as a living being can well be imagined.

"Cheated the carrion crows this time, Tombs, my boy," went on the worthy *medico*, sitting down on the side of the bed. "Fever gone—vanished—cut—bolted—anything you like. Nothing to do now but cram. All Athlone panting to feed you. Every chicken doomed between this and Galway. Tons of beef stewing down for tea. No calves' feet safe anywhere about. Pipes of port coming into barracks. Mrs. C with a gross of Professor Totley's nastinesses ready for instant consumption."

"Is he really better, doctor?" asks a female voice on the other side of the bed—the voice of Mrs. Tombs, good reader, who has come all the way from Cockenborough, like a worthy mother as she is, to nurse her unworthy son.

"Better!" growls the doctor, as if he were an elderly polar bear. "What's the use of asking such a question? Look at him—only just look at him!"

Mrs. Tombs *does* "look at him," and shakes her head.

"Confound it all, ma'am, I say he's nearly well! Thin and weak, of course! Who'd dare to be fat after four weeks' fever? If he wasn't an impudent young dog, he wouldn't have kicked against it as he has done. Many a wiser man would have given it up as a bad job; but ill weeds, you know, thrive apace, eh?"

"It is all owing to your kindness, doctor,—your constant, never-to-be-repaid attention," says the lady, tearfully.

The doctor's face grows black as a thundercloud.

"Stuff—nonsense—humbug! Interesting case—very! Liked the young dog ever since he told me I was no gentleman in my own hall. Good stock, ma'am. Love to torment us all yet.—Now, you on the bed there, just open that mouth if you dare! Let me hear of you speaking or moving, or seeing anybody before to-morrow morning, and I'll—I'll cut away, and never come near you again!

"And, Tombs, my boy," concludes the dear old fellow, as he turns back from the door, and looks at his patient with a more serious face than that patient has ever before seen him wear, "if you have strength for it, thank a good God for His mercy. You have had a tight shave for it."

* * * * *

Yes, good reader, I had indeed had "a tight shave of it." Carried into the boat, which, fortunately for Lobley and myself, passed down the lake early in the morning; brought home to barracks insensible, or sensible only to rave and act like a madman; held down in bed by main force; bled; head shaved; watched day and night; now sinking into long, unbroken trances, during which life seemed flickering, like some faint expiring flame, uncertain whether to depart or not; now, in wild frenzy, following the images of a distorted brain, babbling incoherent nonsense, rowing imaginary races, starting up to fight, or dance, or swim, and fiercely battling with the kind hand which restrained me; this had been my state during nearly the whole of the four weeks which followed the carnival.

Of my own recollections of that time I can say nothing. A perfect blank—an utter void—and yet a sort of wakeful dream, which the brain shrinks from thinking of, because it can call up no definite remembrance—only a vague horror of something which cannot be uttered. Enough! let me turn away;—remembering, however, the suggestion of the worthy doctor, and thanking God, as I did then, and as I do now, for a marvellous deliverance out of the very jaws of death.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF THE RACE.

The luxury of getting well! I wonder no philosopher has written a treatise on the subject. Talk about the pleasures of life, what is there to compare with the glorious accompaniments of returning health? The release from pain, and weariness, and delirium, the prospect of strength, the knowledge that you have nothing to do but be quiet, and eat and drink, and read novels, and be nursed, and receive visitors, without any anxiety, or bother, or business whatever; the way in which every one gives way to you; the luxury of playing the tyrant; the kindness which you receive from the whole human race, so far as it is represented at your bedside; the visions of breezy watering-places or sunny valleys of the south, for which you are shortly to exchange the bed and sofa; surely I am right in saying that it is almost worth while to be ill, for the pleasure of getting well again.

At any rate, I found the process one of unmixed gratification. First of all, my couch was placed close to the window, from whence I overlooked one of the barrack squares, and then a range of country, with the broad waters of the Shannon flowing beneath the arches of one of the finest railway bridges in Ireland. All the lively routine of barrack life passed immediately below me. Boats shot up and down the river. I could note the arrival of the trains, and anticipate the mail-bag with its Dublin and London papers, and home news. Then there were the great events of the day—meal times with all the delicacies of the season, tempting-looking breasts of fowl; grouse, brown and savory; oysters, cool and juicy; delicate little puddings, which melted in the mouth; wine, which had lain in cobwebbed bottles until it was almost worth its weight in bank notes: and then, as appetite and strength returned, substantial beefsteaks and mealy potatoes and frothy porter, diet never valued sufficiently until unattainable. Verily, as Mr. German Reed sings (with a slight alteration)—

"Didn't I gobble, and didn't I stuff,
And wasn't I sorry when I'd had enough!"

Not only had I the run of the mess larder, but every one in Athlone added to my store. Messages, parcels, and letters poured in, until Conroy, my servant, was quite tired of running up with them, and my good mother as tired of taking them in.

Then my visitors:—Colonel and Mrs. Cox, who had taken my mother under their especial charge, and provided in every way for her comfort, without speaking of mine, the Seatons, considerate and cheerful as ever; Hallett, quite fatherly in his manner, keeping a constant eye on the messman, and justifying his repute in the feeding line by the little dinners he contrived to suit my palate; Delany, amusing as only an Irishman can be; Rees, one of the best talkers in the regiment, keeping me *au fait* in all the scandal of Athlone; and all the rest of our fellows, who seemed to vie with one another who should show me the most attention. Lobley, who had escaped with a severe cold and sundry twinges of rheumatism, was constantly with me, ready to go anywhere or do anything, like a well-trained poodle, in penitence for his share in the lake business. One of his self-imposed duties was to keep me supplied with books, and well he performed his task. I read more novels in those weeks than I had ever done before. To this day the sight of those green-backed volumes at the railway stall takes me back to Athlone, and the delightful hours in which I lay with "The Water-Witch," or "Tom Cringle's Log," or "Harry Lorrequer," to make me forget the pleasures of reality in the dreams of fiction.

But what about Maggie Crab? I wonder how often I asked myself that question, and how often it was at my tongues' end to say something about her to Lobley, Dr Crab, or my mother? I was troubled about her, not indeed at first—it is astonishing what a cure for sentimentality a fit of illness is!—but afterwards, when I could spare a few thoughts from my own state, and dare to think. How much was known about the cause of my illness? No one had even hinted, in my presence, at anything connected with the race; not a word had been said about Maggie. Then that very silence itself! What made them all so quiet about the belle of the carnival? It is a bad sign when people leave off joking you on a tender subject; it shows they think there is something in it. And Fullarton! they told me he had gone on leave just as I began to recover, but still—I don't know; sick people are very quick to perceive things—I could not help fancying there was something curious about his absence. Dr. Crab again! what made that worthy man say so little about the Crow's Nest? He might have been a bachelor for all the interest which he showed in his own family matters, if I might judge from his conversation. I began to fidget. Was I being laughed at behind my back? Had it all come out? And by "it" I meant—I scarcely know what; for a love affair is all very easy and pleasant so long as it is a mere case of hand-squeezing and kissing in the dark, but very different and perplexing when it comes to publicity, parents, and a serious explanation. Talk to somebody I must and would!

The opportunity came one day most conveniently. The Coxes had prevailed on my mother to accompany them for a drive. I was getting on so nicely, that it would have been a pity for her to lose the fine afternoon, and Lobley had kindly offered his services as nurse *pro tem.* It was the first time we had been fairly alone since our night on the island.

I plunged at once into the subject. "Lobley, tell me something about Miss Crab."

Lobley turned very red. "Oh, she's very well, old fellow; at least, I believe so. I have not seen her lately."

"Well, but what about the race? Was nothing said about it in the barracks or at the Crow's Nest?"

"Oh, it's all right! Don't trouble your head about the matter. The affair's all blown over. You'll never hear a word from any one about it."

He could not have taken a better way to increase my anxiety.

"So our folly *was* known, was it?" I said, bitterly.

"Why, you see, my dear fellow, some cause or other had to be given for our conduct; and the colonel's party had seen you, it appears, going back alone to Ned's, as they thought; and it all seemed so mysterious that I was obliged to explain how things really were. But, Tombs," went on Lobley, as I gave an impatient exclamation, "only a few know much about the matter. If the rest guess, they don't say anything. And I declare I managed to make myself seem the most ridiculous of the two. You don't know how glad the colonel was to find it was no drinking affair at Ned's we were after."

"Well," I said, after a pause, "go on."

"Go on with what? The subject has been quite put aside since you have been so ill. You're a bit of a favorite, you know, Tombs; and to show how much our fellows think about you, they haven't even joked me about the matter. It's all forgotten, it is indeed, I assure you."

This was not what I wanted, but I thanked him and lay still for a minute. I was determined to have the thing out, and went at it again. "Lobley, what do you know about Maggie Crab?"

"Bless me, Tombs! how should I know anything?"

"You do know something, so out with it!"

"You're so unreasonable, old fellow. Why don't you ask Dr. Crab? You remember I promised you not to trouble Miss Crab any more if I lost the race."

"And you would not allow that you had lost it, so that's all moonshine. Now, Lobley, tell me at once."

"Tell you *what*, Tombs? It is rather absurd to expect me to tell you what I don't know."

Poor Lobley! he was nowhere in a game at cross-purposes with a sharp-witted invalid. The more he prevaricated and shuffled, the more importunate I grew. At last he was driven into a corner.

"Well, Tombs, if you must know, Miss Crab is not in Athlone at all. She went three weeks ago."

It was a shock,—a greater one than I showed, I fancy, for he went on,—

"You may as well hear the rest now, and get it over. Fullarton is gone too, and, I believe, to the same place. In fact, Tombs, they are engaged to be married."

I said nothing. Lobley glanced at me and continued,—

"We were both mistaken, it seems. She was only playing with us. Fullarton proposed to her at Lord Fortmaine's, the very night we were on the island—"

"The wretched little flirt!" I broke in. "Why, Lobley, she gave me this locket—or, at least, she let me take it—the very evening before;" and I produced and showed it him. He blushed and laughed.

"Why, old fellow, that's nothing, she gave me one too!" and he also produced a similar pledge of affection.

We both were quiet for a moment, and looked at one another. Suddenly, Lobley gave a start. "Let me look at that locket a moment, will you?" he said, hastily.

I put it into his hand.

"Way, Tombs, as I'm a living sinner, this is the very locket I gave her, with my hair in it, and she has given it to you!"

"Nonsense!"

"It is a fact. I know the chasing, and look! I scratched her initials here on the inside of the lid."

I caught hold of the other locket, as a sudden idea seized me. It was too bad. The little hussy had played a shameful trick on us both. The color of her hair and ours, respectively, was nearly the same. She had given my locket to Lobley, and Lobley's to me, and here we had been wearing one another's hair beneath our waistcoats, for the edification of the elect Mrs. Fullarton!

It was a rough lesson, but it cured me of love-making for many a long day.

And thus ended my first heartburn!

In a gazette which came out about three months afterwards appeared the following announcement:—

"20th Royal Slashers. Ensign Smith to be Lieutenant, by purchase, *vice* Fullarton, resigned."

And in the *Times*, a few days later,—

"At St. Thomas' Church, Croxton, by the Rev. A. B. C. Spilsom Daniel Fullarton, Esq., late Lieutenant in the Royal Slashers, to Margaret, only daughter of E. F. G. Crab, Esq., Crabley House, Croxton."

I have never seen either Mr. or Mrs. Fullarton from that day to the present.

THE END.

God Rocking His Cradle.

The Occidental and Vanguard is responsible for the following:

Speaking of earthquakes, calls to mind an anecdote related to us some time ago by an estimable lady, Mrs. K———, residing in Los Angeles county, in this state. An Indian servant girl—whose name we will call Fanny—was sitting by the side of our lady friend when there came one of the most terrific earthquake shocks ever experienced in California. Whilst the earth was reeling and trembling, houses rocking and creaking, dishes rattling, and dogs howling most pitifully, the Indian girl, clasping her hands and looking up at her mistress, her whole countenance beaming with delight, without the least intermixture of trepidation, exclaimed, "*Oh isn't that delightful?*" "*Delightful!*" said the lady, whose astonishment at the Indian's unaccountable ecstacy almost made her forget her own alarm; "delightful! Why, Fanny, what do you mean? Are you not frightened?" "Frightened?" repeated the girl; "why, no, ma'am, why should I be frightened when God rocks His cradle?"

A French Notion.

Louis Napoleon is building in Paris the largest structure of modern times, designed as a place of amusement. It is an opera house which will rival in extent and grandeur the Coliseum at Rome. It will cost about $5 000 000, and will be constructed entirely of stone, brick and metal. Nothing combustible will enter into its composition. It will cover seven and a half acres, and be two hundred feet in external height. The auditorium, however, is calculated to seat only about three thousand persons. Every box will have its separate saloon attached, fitted up like drawing-rooms, and a carriage way will be constructed to the second story from the street. The most successful and celebrated artists of France—painters, sculptors and architects—will be employed in its ornamentation and erection. It will be entirely unapproachable in finish and richness by any structure at present existing.

A Fatal Drinking Wager.

A foolish wager was made at a wine shop in Paris, which resulted in death. At a breakfast, where the conversation turned on the quantity of drink which a person could take, a bricklayer, named Florentine, made a bet that he would drink twelve glasses of wine when the clock of the Tuileries was striking twelve. He drank three glasses before the clock had struck three times. At the next glass he stopped to breathe. At the seventh he began to drink more slowly, but, making an effort, he drank off the eighth glass. He then turned very pale, and breathed with difficulty. His friends wished to stop the wager, but he said he would go on, come what might, and swallowed the ninth glass. He had hardly emptied the glass when he fell down senseless. A surgeon was sent for; but, in spite of all his efforts, the foolish man died in three hours.

THE SUMMER VACATION.—When Theodore Parker was on his way to the ship which bore him off on the voyage from which he never returned, but landed upon the celestial shore, he said to a friend, in the bitterness of his regret, "If I had bought a saddle-horse twelve years ago, or had taken real repose in the Summer time, I should not have come to this now." Many later instances in other walks of life, of the same final crash of strength and earthly hope, have reminded us of the folly of incessant work. It is only too true as the old proverb declares, "There is rest enough in the grave," and they will soon be sharing it who decline play and scorn recreation.

☞ On Saturday week, a son of Mr. John Doole, of Dixfield, while endeavoring to remove a charge of powder from a gun, put the muzzle to his mouth to blow in the tube, when the charge exploded, the fire penetrating his lungs, and burning him internally so shockingly that no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

☞ A quartette of soldiers who had lost limbs in battle, recently gave a serenade and sang, "'Tis sweet to be remembered."

☞ During the past winter a little girl of our acquaintance attended the wedding of her brother, and, judging by the sequel, was very much struck by one line of the marriage-service, which she understood literally. A few days after, passing through the room where the bride was sitting in the lap of her liege lord, she exclaimed, with all the simplicity imaginable, "*to have* and *to hold!*"

CHOLERA.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THIS DISEASE MAY BE FOUND IN THE USE OF

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.

ST. LOUIS, MO. June 14th, '849.

MR. A. T. Woodward, *Agent of Perry Davis's Pain Killer.*

Dear Sir:—I feel it a duty I owe to the public, to make known the value of Davis's Pain Killer, and my experience in using it for some of the complaints for which it is highly recommended. In April last, on your recommendation I purchased a one dollar bottle of you for pains with which I have long been afflicted, and made use of it on my trip down to New Orleans, with the most gratifying and beneficial effects. On my return trip to this city, the Cholera made its appearance among some of my passengers. I made use of the Pain Killer, having no other remedy on board, and to my surprise and gratification found it gave *immediate relief!* On my arrival in St. Louis, I called on you and got four large bottles, and stated to you my confidence in it as an infallible Cholera remedy, and remarking to you that I wanted no other Cholera remedy on my boat. I made use of the four bottles on my trip to New Orleans and back, for Cholera and some other complaints for which it is recommended, and met with the most astonishing success,—when I ordered from you six more one dollar bottles. Since then I have made two more trips to New Orleans and back; and on my previous trip up I had more than

SEVENTY CASES OF CHOLERA

On board, when the *PAIN KILLER* was immediately used with the most astonishing results. In all cases where it was used in time, it gave relief in a very short time; and I can with confidence say to the public, that in all of the first stages of Cholera, when taken in time, it is, in my opinion, an *infallible remedy!* and after a fair trial with it for several weeks, and for four trips to New Orleans and back, and using it for Cholera and for other complaints for which it is recommended, no consideration whatever would induce me to leave port without a good supply—believing it to be a medicine that no officer of a boat or any family would be without a single day after using one bottle; believing it to be the most valuable family medicine known to the world for all the different complaints for which it is recommended.

P S Please send me six large bottles for this trip.

J. M. BROADWELL, Capt. Steamer Atlantic.

I most cordially unite with Captain Broadwell in recommending Perry Davis's Pain Killer to the public, having myself been severely attacked with the Cholera, and found relief in a few hours by using the Pain Killer, and have myself administered it to more than fifty persons attacked with the Cholera, and when used in time, a cure was effected in a few hours, and take pleasure in recommending it to the public as an invaluable medicine, that no individual should be without a single hour.

J. F. BOFFINGER, Clerk Steamer Atlantic.

DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—In to-day's Union will be found an advertisement of this celebrated remedy. The certificates appended from the captain and clerk of the steamer Atlantic, we know to be genuine, and founded on facts, as they verbally stated in our office the substance of what they publish.—*St. Louis Union.*

The Pain Killer is sold by all Druggists. sept5-2t

Is Your Hair Falling or Becoming Gray?

If so, use

"London"	The most	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Reliable Hair	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Restorative.	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"

For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. my26-eowtf

FEMALE COMPLAINTS should be cured, as they surely can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. sep8-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues very dull; sales comprise about 7000 bbls; 2500 bbls Northwest family at $11@12,50 ₩ bbl; $7 75@8 50 for supr fine, and $11 50@13 for Penns and Ohio family, and $14@16 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $7 75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat continues limited. About 25,000 bus sold in lots at $2 60@2,65 for fair to prime Penna red, $2,75@2 81 for Southern do, and $2,90@3 ₩ bus for white, as to quality. Rye; sales of Western at $1@1,05, and Penna at $1,10 ₩ bus. Corn; 37,000 bus sold at 86@90 for Western mixed and 91@92c ₩ bus for prime yellow. Oats; 10,00 bus new Southern sold in lots at 47@51c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues inactive. 300 bbls new Mess Pork sold at $34 ₩ bbl; clear at $37; prime Mess at $31; and prime at $30 ₩ bbl. Mess Beef—Sales at $28@29 for Western and $23@25 for city packed. Beef Hams are held at $45@46. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 22 @26c; Sides at 20@20½ and Shoulders at 17½@17½c. Green Meats—Sales of 400 pcs Hams in pickle, at 19½ @20c, and 50,000 lbs Shoulders, in salt at 15c paid—Sales of 350 bbls and tcs at 21@21½c, and kegs at 22c. Butter—Small sales at 24@30c ₩ lb. Cheese—Sales at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 26@28c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been inactive; about 1200 sales sold in lots at from 33@35c ₩ lb for Uplands and New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales are making at 39@40c ₩ lb for yellow.

COAL continues dull; cargo sales are making at $5,50@6 for White Ash, and $6@6 50 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of Western at 60@65 ₩ lb for common and choice quality.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $1@3 ₩ bbl. New Dried apples are at 12 to 13c ₩ lb.

HOPS are unchanged. Small sales of new eastern and western at 20@22c, as to quality.

SEEDS—Timothy is scarce at $6,50@7,50 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy—1000 bus sold at $4 50@4 per bus. Flaxseed—2400 bus sold at $3,35@3,40 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—New England Rum ranges at from $2,52@2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—275 bbls sold, in lots, at $2,37@2,38 for Penna, and $2,38@2,40 ₩ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are making at 12@12½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—There is rather more doing; 20 000 lbs sold in lots at prices ranging from 63 @65c for extra; 60@63c for fine; 56 @60 for medium; 50@55c for coarse; 55@55c for inferior tub washed; 50@60c for good do; 50@52c for extra Western pulled and 40@45c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from 15@16½c ₩ lb. 200 cows brought from $50 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—3,100 head were disposed of at from 6½@8½c ₩ lb. 2200 Hogs sold at from $14,00@15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Amber Forester; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2 50 a year; 2 copies $4; 5 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B C PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2.

jan4-6m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of May, by the Rev. W. C Robinson, Mr. ANDREW HENRY to Mrs. SARAH CALVIN, both of this city.

On the 2d ult., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. HORACE G LEE to Miss WILHELMINA C. SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 26th of Aug., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr ANDREW J. MARSHALL to Miss LIZZIE DRAPER, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. J. B. Maddox, CHARLES WILLIAMS to ANNIE MCCOY, both of this city.

On the 19th of Aug., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr WILLIAM WOOD, of Wheeling, West Virginia, to Miss RUTH, daughter of Edmund Paxson, Esq., of this city.

On the 30th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. T Mann, ALBERT SCHONAT to Miss CAROLINE MUELLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, at Cape Island, N. J., Mr WILLIAM AGNEW, in his 73d year

On the 3d instant, Mrs. JANE MCFARLAND, in her 77th year

On the 3d instant, ROBERT BOARDMAN, in his 70th year.

On the 3d instant, HARRY W. JONSON, in his 23d year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. BENJAMIN ROBINSON, in his 84th year

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM T. GREENMAN, late serg't 28th regt. P. V., in his 24d year

On the 1st instant, HANNAH, wife of Calvin S. Edwards, in her 34th year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. THOMAS H. HITCHENS, aged 34 years

On the 1st instant, THOMAS HUMES, aged 71 years and 7 months.

FIRST PREMIUM

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and works horizontal, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, BRAID, TUCK, AND SEW BRAIDING, &c. &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have seen it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,

jane23-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

Of all Collections of Piano Music

That contained in the "HOME CIRCLE" is admitted to be the best that can be obtained in book form. It includes every variety, from the simplest to the most difficult, and has something suited to the taste and ability of every player. It is printed very clearly on good white paper and cannot fail to prove satisfactory in every way to the purchaser. Two vols. *Price of each*, in boards, $2 50; cloth, $3; cloth, gilt, $4.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

BEAUTY.

DR. LEWIS F. BUHR'S ITALIAN COMPOUND for the toilet will remove all freckles and tan without injury to the skin. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price per package $1, or 3 for $2. Agents wanted. Mailed free on receipt of price.

Address DR. LEWIS F. BUHR & CO.,
Box 7, Mount Union, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE, both local and travelling male and female. Steady employment the year round, and no capital required. Business new, light, and desirable. For particulars address CONKLIN & CO.,
sep15-2t Brooklyn, N. Y.

$28.80 per day. How Agents are making it. How one made $17 50. Business new, light, honorable, pleasant & permanent. For full particulars call on or address A. O. ROWMAN & CO., 145 Nassau street, New York. (Clip out and return this notice.)

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR LADIES. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sept 3m

SOMETHING NEW TO ADMIRERS of the Beautiful, profitable to the accomplished and beneficial to the sick and unfortunate. Address, with stamp, for full particulars M. CAMP, 7 Carroll Place, Stanton St., New York. sep8-4t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

PALMER'S PATENT. 10,000 IN USE. 1865

1609 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 19 GREEN ST., BOSTON.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,

B. FRANK. PALMER, LL.D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB, SEC'Y.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent scientific and surgical societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes") including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT and has the patronage of the preminent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

PERFECTION

Is rarely attained, yet

A. B. W. BULLARD'S

IMPROVED OIL SOAP,

FOR REMOVING

GREASE, PAINT, PITCH, & VARNISH

From all Goods of Durable Colors, is ahead of anything yet discovered.

It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

and entirely free from the disagreeable odor of Benzine and all other resinous fluids.

COUNTERFEITS

of this preparation are extant, *therefore be sure and take* none but that which has the autograph of A. B. W. BULLARD on the label.

Manufactured by the Proprietors,

A. B. W. BULLARD & CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

General Agents,

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

☞ For sale by all Druggists.

aug4-3m

GYMNASIUM

FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN & CHILDREN

N. E. Cor. of 9th and Arch Sts., Phila.

Open Every Day and Evening all Summer.

Bodily exercise imparts health and strength, the best preventives against sickness during the coming summer. Classes for ladies—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For boys—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For gentlemen—every day from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.

je23-3m Profs. HILLEBRAND & LEWIS.

DR. GEORGE W. FREED,

ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN.

Electricity, a sovereign remedy for the relief of suffering humanity is now demonstrated by great discoveries in Electrical science as applied to the treatment of disease, by DR. FREED, having effected many of the most wonderful cures on record, as the living witnesses can testify, by means of this mysterious ever-present and all-pervading vital element, which can now be directed to any part of the body thereby removing obstructions that have resisted all other modes of treatment, restoring the electrical action of the laws of life and health of the human system, as is scientifically applied by the advantages of Dr. Freed's Patent Improved Portable Combined Galvanic and Electro-Magnetic Battery for treatment (*which is mild and gentle*) in all the varied forms of disease. Its crowning excellence whispers words of consolation and hope to the afflicted and opens the way for relief. Call and have your case examined. Consultation free. Patients instructed. Send for circular of cures effected with references. All letters addressed to

DR. G. W. FREED,
Jy21-3m 1543 North 12th St., Philadelphia.

☞Freckles, Tan and Pimples,

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists.

aug11-3m

MAGEE'S PRINTING OFFICE, BLANK Book Bindery, STATIONERY STORE and ENVELOPE Manufactory, 316 CHESTNUT Street Philadelphia. mar24-6m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1 00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 2320, Boston, Mass.

WHISKERS.

DR. LAWONTON'S CHEMELIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address, R. K. EVANS & CO., sept-3m No. 78 Nassau St., New York.

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

The Great Strengthening Tonic

(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm on sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community as a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicine preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
906 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 26 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Rock, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Conover, Pa.:

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,

No. 631 ARCH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JONES & EVANS,

[Successors to C. M. JACKSON & CO.]

Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists Dealers and in every town in the United States. mar 17-ow1y

CRITTENDEN'S

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

Northeast Corner Seventh and Chestnut Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

ESTABLISHED 1844. INCORPORATED 1855.

YOUNG MEN PREPARED FOR THE COUNTING HOUSE AND BUSINESS LIFE.

The College building has recently been much Enlarged, giving increased facilities, and enabling us to introduce many improvements of the most practical and valuable character. 716 Students were in attendance within the past year.

Students received at any time. Strangers assisted in procuring suitable boarding places. In the practical value of its well tried course of instruction and in real advantages to business men this Institution is unequalled.

The Course of Instruction includes BOOK-KEEPING in all its branches, as practised by the best accountants; PENMANSHIP, plain and ornamental; COMMERCIAL CALCULATIONS, COMMERCIAL LAW, BUSINESS FORMS AND CORRESPONDENCE, TELEGRAPHING, &c., &c.

CATALOGUES mailed gratis on application.

☞ CRITTENDEN'S BOOK-KEEPING, COUNTING-HOUSE, HIGH SCHOOL and COMMON SCHOOL EDITIONS, and JUDGE SHARSWOOD'S LECTURES BEFORE THE STUDENTS ON COMMERCIAL LAW FOR SALE AT THE COLLEGE.

(*In Press.*) CRITTENDEN'S COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC FORMS AND CORRESPONDENCE. 1 vol., 12mo.

S. H. CRITTENDEN & CO.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

SPIKE THE GUNS!

of Humbug. Imposters are in the field with deadly hair dyes, dangerous to health and utterly destructive to the hair. Do not submit to have your head

Baptised with Liquid Fire!

when that cooling vegetable preparation,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

will, in five minutes impart any desired shade from light brown to jet black without injuring the fibres, staining the skin, or poisoning the system through the pores. Beware of the deleterious dyes!

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.

sept-3teow

WHISKERS.—A HEAVY BEARD is guaranteed in five weeks to all who use RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price, by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Drawer 406, Watertown, N. Y. sept-3m

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

ON SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of each Train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
DAY EXPRESS	" 10 00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 1	" 11 00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12 00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2 30	P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM. No 2	" 5 00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL¶	" 9 00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10 00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	at 12 40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	" 7.40	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9 00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12 40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5 50	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 7 30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 8.00 A. M. and 7 00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 6.50 A. M. and 4.30 P. M.

A TICKET OFFICE

is located at No 631 Chestnut Street, where Tickets to all important points may be procured, and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

Also at 31st and Market Streets, on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sundays). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
No 137 Dock Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All baggage exceeding that amount in value will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

WHOOPING-COUGH CURED.

CAYUGA, Hinds County, Miss.

T. ALLCOCK & CO.—Gentlemen: Please send me another six dozen of your Porous Plasters. They are in great demand here for Whooping-cough. They act like a charm. I could have sold two dozen this week if I had had them. Send as soon as possible, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN I. WILLIAMS, P. M.

ASTHMA CURED.

Mr. Wm. May, of 845 Spring Street, New York, writes, Jan. 1, 1866: I have been afflicted with the asthma for upwards of ten years, receiving no benefit from medical men. I was advised by a friend to try one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I did, and tried several kinds of plasters without any benefit, and supposed they were all alike. My friend gave me one of Allcock's, and urged me to use it. I did so, and have now worn them steadily for nine months, and find myself better than I have been for many years. Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by Druggists. sept-3teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

Belligerent Society.

John and Charles Kemble were sitting one night in the pit of Covent Theatre, listening to a play. Charles Kemble remarked to his brother, in the course of the evening,—

"I really think this is the best play for representation that Shakspeare ever wrote."

No sooner had he made this remark than a huge, red-headed, broad-shouldered Irishman, who sat immediately behind him, leant forward and tapped him on the shoulder to secure his attention:

"I think, sir," he observed, with a strong brogue, "ye said it was one Shakspeare that wraught that play. It was not Shakspeare, sir, but me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play."

"O, sir!" replied Charles Kemble, coolly, "very well."

A short time after this the Irishman tapped him on the shoulder again,—

"Do you belave, sir, it was me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play?"

"O, yes; certainly sir, if you say so," was the peaceable answer.

For a while they remained unmolested; but at last he felt the heavy finger once more upon him:

"Your friend that sits on your left hand," exclaimed the Irishman, "don't look as if he believed it was me friend, Linnard M'Nally, what wraught that play?"

This was too much for the brothers; they rose together and left the house, not deeming it either pleasant or safe to stay in such belligerent society.

Dog Cheap.

The following occurrence is described by the informant as being one of the most amusing scenes he ever noticed:—A gentleman in New Haven recently erected on Chapel street, near the colleges, a large and beautiful residence, and adorned the grounds with more than ordinary taste and expense. Among other ornaments, not far from the street, he placed a large cast-iron statue of a dog, whose belligerent appearance and defiant attitude made him "look as large as life and twice as ugly." For weeks afterward, the "little dogs and all," on passing by the house, never failed to give the statue a complimentary bark and growl, which however never disturbed its equanimity. But one day, a big Towser from the country was following his master's market wagon to town, and happened to spy the hostile form of the cast-iron foe. A preliminary growl and bow-wow produced no effect. Surly and defiant, his enemy continued to gaze at him. Canine nature could stand it no longer. One leap over the fence brought him into the yard, and two or three more carried him to his mate antagonist. Quicker than thought he attempted to fasten his teeth on the cast-iron chops of the statue, but the next moment gave up the contest. The last that was seen of that dog was, he was sneaking out of the yard with his tail between his legs, the most completely sold specimen of canine society ever witnessed.

Confiscating a Prayer.

A Prussian drummer having damaged the skin of his drum, was ordered by his commanding officer, on arrival at a small place in Bohemia, to *requiriren* (the newly-coined German word for forcibly demanding anything required by the army) sufficient parchment to repair the broken instrument. After some difficulty the soldier learnt the residence of an old Jewish scribe, who undertook the drawing up of contracts, etc., in the city. On proceeding thither, the soldier found the old man in the very act of writing on a piece of parchment words in the Hebrew character. "I require that piece of vellum," said the drummer, and it was immediately given up to him. He was on the point of leaving the beggarly apartment without further delay, when his inquisitiveness was roused by seeing the curiously-written, half-finished sentence on the parchment, and he asked the old man what was the meaning of the phrase. The old Jew answered, without a moment's hesitation, that the words signified "Rise up, O Eternal God, and disperse the foe!" and added that it was a prayer for the success of the Austrian arms. "Never mind, that don't matter," said the drummer, after a moment's consideration. "we *requiriren* the prayer for the arms of Prussia."

How to Open Oysters.—"As to opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's that?" inquired Straight.

"Scotch snuff!" answered old Hurricane, very sententiously; "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they will sneeze their lids off."

"I once know a genius," observed Mr. Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's a legend of his love; sometimes a marvellous stock transaction. As he proceeds the 'natives' get interested; one by one they gape with astonishment at the wonderful and direful whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gape, my friend whips 'em out, peppers 'em, and swallows 'em!"

"That'll do," said Straight, with a deep sigh; "I wish we had a dozen of the bivalves here—they'd open easy."

Too Many Clams.—Good old Deacon S—— lived and farmed it away down in Eastern Connecticut. It was his custom to go with several of his neighbors, nearly every year, down to the "Shore" *for a clam bake*. The old Deacon was very fond of these bivalves, and on one occasion he ate and overloaded his "capacity" to such an extent that he was sore distressed; his faith in prayer, however, was strong. Leaving his party, and being followed by some of the younger members a little way off, he was heard to supplicate thus: "Forgive me, O Lord, for this great sin of gluttony, and I will never eat any more clams!" Then, pausing an instant, he added: "*Very few, if any*—Amen!"

☞ An Englishman in India was horrified by the receipt of a telegram from England that his wife had been delivered of five daughters. The despatch should have said a fine daughter.

☞ A Frenchman said of Shakspeare, "You you and any sing you no understan', it is always someting fine."

☞ "The Blood Red Gauntlet and the Maniac's Moan" is the title of a new play in London.

Donkey Woman.—"Them's fashions, I suppose! One all hair before, t'other all hair behind!"

The Diet of Worms.

Many persons are not aware of the fact, the earthworm really does live upon earth. It is sometimes stated in popular works on zoology, that the worm picks out portions of leaves, grass, &c., and devours them; but this is a mistake: the earthworm lives upon earth. It must be supposed that it assimilates the mineral constituents of the soil; its gastric and biliary secretions dissolve the decomposing animal and vegetable matters which are invariably contained in rich soil, and it is these which are assimilated. The earthworm could not live upon earth that had been burnt and deprived of its organic constituents. In a similar way the *arenicola*, or lug-worm, which lives in the sands exposed by the action of the tide, gorges itself with that substance, and extracts the matters which it contains fit for nutriment. More frequently, however, the "lug" lives in the rich clays of creeks and saltings, which abound in animal and vegetable matters. It is worthy of observation that a very large quantity of earth or sand, as the case may be, has to be gorged before any appreciable amount of nutriment is extracted, at the same time the swallowing of earth is an assistance to the worm as it burrows in the ground, inasmuch as large quantities of material are thereby removed from its path and rejected behind. The appearance of those curious little masses of digested earth on the surface is thus caused, by means of which the earth-worm effects such wonderful changes on the surface of the ground, turning up the earth, burying the stones, and producing a fresh and fertile soil where formerly was a barren waste. The mode in which the earth-worm swallows the earth is somewhat curious: its pharynx is extremely muscular, and provided with an internal muscular tunic, which acts within like the piston of an air-pump; anything to which the mouth is applied is thus sucked in and passed on by the action of the muscular walls of the pharynx and œsophagus. There is no doubt that worms do an immense deal of good by feeding on the earth; and as to their biting the roots of plants and shrubs, as is sometimes said of them, it is all nonsense. They could not do it, if they wished, as they have no teeth; they are quite satisfied with the earth, and if it is freshly manured, they like it all the better. It is this last fact which brings them round the roots of trees, and has made some people suppose that they come to bite them; whereas they really come after the accompanying manure.—*E. R. Lankester, in Science Gossip.*

"Mr. Crowfield" on Head-Dressing.

I confess, to me nothing is so surprising as the sort of things which well-bred women serenely wear on their heads with the idea that they are ornaments. On my right sits a good-looking girl with a thing on her head which seems to consist mostly of bunches of grass, straws, with a confusion of lace, in which sits a draggled bird, looking as if the cat had him before the lady. The fact is, that a style of dress which allows the use of everything in heaven above or earth beneath, requires more taste and skill in disposition than falls to the lot of most of the female sex to make it even tolerable. In consequence, the flowers, fruits, grass, hay, straw, butterflies, beads, birds, tinsel, streamers, jinglers, lace, bugles, crape, which seem to be appointed to form a covering for the female head, very often appear in combination so singular, and the results, taken in connection with all the rest of the costume, are such, that we really think the people who usually assemble in a Quaker meeting-house are, with their entire absence of ornament, more becomingly attired than the majority of public audiences. For if one considers his own impression after having seen an assemblage of women dressed in Quaker costume, he will find it to be, not of a confusion of twinkling finery, but of many fair, sweet *faces*, of charming, nice-looking *women*, and not of articles of dress.

It is a well known principle of the fine arts, in all their branches, that all shams and mere pretences are to be rejected—a truth which Ruskin has shown with the full lustre of his many-colored prose poetry. As stucco pretending to be marble, and graining pretending to be wood, are in false taste in building, so false jewelry and cheap fineries of every kind are in bad taste; so also is powder instead of natural complexion, false hair instead of real, and flesh-painting of every description. I have even the hardihood to think and assert, in the presence of a generation whereof not one woman in twenty wears her own hair, that the simple, short-cropped locks of Rosa Bonheur are in a more beautiful style of hair-dressing than the most elaborate edifice of curls, rats, waterfalls, that is erected on any fair head now-a-days. A short crop of your own hair, that you could brush out in ten minutes every morning, would have a more real, healthy beauty than the elaborate structures which cost you hours of time, and give you the headache besides.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thin Seeding.

Agriculturally we learn so slowly and hold on to our great grandfather's ideas so tenaciously that it will be a good many years yet before we shall all be willing to believe that half of our field-crops we crowd to death or into a consumptive condition by over seeding.

We do make that mistake, the majority of us, and notwithstanding common sense, science and experiments that ought to be satisfactory, all tell us that the practice is an error, we go on obstinately unbelieving. Determined not to know that thin seeding is the better rule.

In 1862, we made a series of experiments in seeding that were conclusive in favor of the thin practice—at least conclusive to us, though two or three of our nearest neighbors who saw, and were familiar with the experiments all through, would not believe, and still persist in crowding all manner of vegetation to kill.

That which we consider the most important experiment, was made with wheat. There were six parcels of ground in the garden, the soil alike, and fertilized and prepared in precisely the same manner—divided by foot-paths eighteen inches wide, and sown at the same time with Italian spring wheat. The first parcel was sown so thick that when the grain was a foot in height the surface was most like that of a closely thrummed green mat. There was not an atom of earth visible through the green mass. The space between stems did not probably average half an inch.

Parcel No. 2, was sown thinner—say an inch between stems; No. 3, about three inches; No. 4, six inches; No. 5, eight; and the last plat, was sown with great care by geometrical rule, twelve inches apart. The results of the experiment were that on the first plot there were only rudimentary heads, not one that made a perfect wheat ear, or set a single grain. No. 2 succeeded in getting out a few heads an inch long, but not a solitary grain was matured in one of them. No. 3 did better—making ears—small ones, very small grains too, the average of grains to each head being thirteen; No. 4 made bigger heads and better wheat, the average being about forty grains per ear, and a good many of the stools had tillered so that they gave five and six stems, all bearing medium ears and fair grain. No. 5 was as much better than No. 4 as it was superior to No. 3. No. 6 tillered early and profusely, some of the grains sown producing more than thirty fair stems, all unusually well eared, and the grains remarkably plump and heavy; the average yield per ear being about seventy grains.

The produce of plat No. 6 having been beaten out, cleaned and carefully weighed, we went into a close calculation, coming out with a conclusion that so far as we were concerned, was satisfactory, showing that the yield of an acre of wheat thus sown would be sixty-five bushels. It is not likely that the average yield per acre in field-crops would be as high as that; but if there is an intelligent, candid, practical farmer in all our wide wheat belt who will attempt to deny that with something better tilth, more judicious fertilizing, and seeding at the proper time with—say three pecks to the acre instead of the orthodox six or seven, and sometimes eight pecks, the average of our wheat yield all over the country might not be doubled, we shall be happy to hear his argument.

Of course in ordinary field-culture the geometrical precision with which our ten feet plat was seeded cannot well be maintained, but with further improvements in our grain drills and more care than is usually exercised a satisfactory approximation may be arrived at, the larger yield costing no more than the lesser one.

The rule of thin seeding and planting holds good with all other field grains, root crops, and garden vegetables. The producer dwarfs results and cuts down revenue at a ruinous rate by over crowding his ground.

The Coming Corn Crop.

After all, we are not so bad as we seem—any of us or any thing, unless it be shoddy, a prettily painted woman, a pickpocket, and wormy pippin. Even our late severe summer drought, savagely as it threatened, in its effects fell far short of our fears, and a great deal of our corn crooking has been lost breath and ink.

We begin to be a prophet, or believe we are. Didn't we say in the Post last January that the cholera would come among us about the middle of July? Didn't we persist all through the early part of the season that the wheat crop would be an average one? We persisted in promising a maximum corn-crop when all hands were on the view hallos, crying out that the drought was going to cut us off with scarcely a supply of summer roasting ears. And we are to have a larger crop than has ever been harvested in the United States. All reports from every direction confirm that declaration. The crop is made now beyond danger of harm from any vicissitude, and the mourners over blighted hopes are few.

Within the range of our own observations made from the mountains to the sea shore, fields of capital corn are the general rule. On the Eastern Shore of Maryland, through all the low lands of Delaware, in West Jersey, and here and there in Eastern Pennsylvania, there are fields—in the aggregate, a great many that have suffered severely from drought and will fall very far short of a medium crop. But they are so far in the minority that in all this territory the total yield will beyond question be considerably in excess over that of any previous year.

In the large majority of instances where corn has suffered most from drought, the fault has been more with the farmer than Providence. Planted on low land, where water stands stagnant at a foot or eighteen inches below the surface, drought dries, packs, and bakes the surface like a brick-yard, cutting off a wholesome circulation of air, and the plant in its thirst drinking of the poisonous, stagnant water underneath, and as surely suffers from the effects as humanity does from imbibing the noisome fluid and breathing the putrid exhalations of a poisonous quagmire. A more general practice of thorough underdrainage would save many a broad field of corn from a lingering death from drought.

Kill the Corkworms.

The most common curse of all our apple-orchards in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and Jersey, is the every-day apple worm—*P. pomanella*, with which every man, woman, and child old enough to eat an apple is familiar, as of late years finding an apple grown in any of these regions without having the detestable little thief present personally or in the ruin he has left behind, is an exception to the general rule.

During the last week in June, and on to about the tenth of July the moths deposit their eggs in the cavity at the blossom end of the young fruit, where in from seven to ten days they hatch, and the juvenile pirates—seldom more than one to each apple, bores his way straight to the core, pushing out behind him his nasty red excrement. Having reached his destination, the little rascal makes himself quite at home, revelling around the core until having attained his adult larva state, which occurs at about the end of the third week after hatching, he leaves home, pierces the fruit through literally from centre to circumference, and then either causing it to fall, or failing in that, falls himself to the ground, crawls into the first secure hiding-place, spins over himself a delicate white cocoon, within which he lies dormant through the fall and winter and spring, until the young apples are in condition to call them forth in the perfected moth, parents of another generation of apple-worms.

Now as the worms lay themselves by in their cocoons that take fire like tinder, scarcely ever going down an inch beneath the surface, if when the ground is dry during the months of September and October the surface about the trees are lightly littered over with dry straw and a match applied, ninety out of every hundred of all the hidden pests will be licked up—inevitably "wiped out" by the flames, not the least injury will be done to the trees, and next year there will be infinitely fewer apples bored through and through—made worthless by worms. It is a far more effectual practice than attempting to singe the moths in summer, and involves so little trouble and expense that the experiment which in several instances we have seen satisfactorily successful, is certainly worth a trial.

RECEIPTS.

Green Corn Pudding.—Take twelve ears of green corn, full in the milk, and grate it; to this add one quart of sweet milk; four ounces of melted butter; four eggs well beaten; pepper and salt as much as is deemed necessary; stir the ingredients well together, and bake in a buttered dish; serve with butter and sugar.

Tomato Sauce.—I have an excellent recipe for tomato sauce; it is in general use here in Italy, and will keep two years; there is, in fact, no better one. Take nice ripe tomatoes, mash or squeeze them, put them in an earthen vessel or a wooden tub, provided there is a hole at the bottom to let the water escape when it is wanted; leave the tomatoes there three days to ferment well; then take the bung out, let all the foul water run out, take the tomatoes, pass them through a search, take the pulp that will pass through from it for a day or two in a coarse hair sieve, and let all the water left in fall through; then put in a glass jar, with 1 lb. of salt to every 10 lbs. of preserve; stir it now and then in the winter, and use, taking care not to salt what you use it with. It gives a rich color to broth, and a nice flavor to any sauce you put it with. A teaspoonful is sufficient for sauce for four people.—*Ermida.*

Spice for Chops and Gravy.—Three drachms of ginger, do. black pepper, do. cinnamon, 7 cloves, ½ oz. mace, ½ oz. cayenne, 1 oz nutmeg (grated), 1½ oz. white pepper. Mix well, bottle, and keep dry.

French Custard.—Take one quart of milk, flavor it with the peel of about half a small lemon, pared very thin, and sweetened to taste with white sugar. Boil it, and leave it to get quite cold. Then blend with it three dessert spoonsful of fine flour, and two eggs well beaten. Simmer it until it is of the proper thickness, stirring it the whole time. Pour into cups, or a custard dish.

To Fix the Colors of Washing Materials.—A recipe for preserving the color of any washing dress. One pennyworth of sugar of lead in a washtub of water; the dress to be put into it, and remain twelve hours, then taken out and thoroughly dried; afterwards to be washed in the usual way. One pennyworth of sugar of lead is sufficient for two dresses.

Colored Starch.—One ounce of the starch should be mixed with cold water till it becomes of the consistency of cream, and to this must be added one pint of boiling water. It should be used while warm, in a fluid state, as the color will not be uniform if the starch be thick.

Pure Water.—We wonder that travellers do not carry with them a little bottle of permanganate of potash—a few drops of which would speedily purify any water. A friend of ours, who has just returned from India, tells us that he has derived the greatest benefit from its employment. In cases where the water was turbid, and tasting and smelling of decaying organic matter, the addition of a few drops of the solution of the permanganate made it in a few minutes as clear and as sweet as spring water.—*Medical Times.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 13, 24, 17, 22, is a quadruped found in all parts of the world; many are valued for their hair.
My 3, 29, 15, is an insect.
My 13, 21, 27, 8, 26, 14, 23, discovered galvanism.
My 12, 5, 19, invented stereotype printing.
My 19, 28, 19, 24, introduced stereotype printing.
My 1, 21, 14, 4, 5, 11, is a river in South Carolina.
My 20, 7, 4, is a word that expresses negation.
My 9, 16, 10, 30, 11, is a place where large birds rear their young.
My 6, 28, 25, is an ore of light.
My 31, 18, 12, 24, 32, is much used as an article of food.
My whole is a motto of one of the United States. NEWTON W. REID.
Jacksonville, Illinois.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of five letters.
Omit my 1st, and I come in with the dessert.
Omit my 2d, and I imply cunning.
My whole is an alarm, a sudden motion, or a beginning. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I dwell with the robber, but not with the thief.
I am found in the flower, but not in the leaf.
I am often seen to slumber, but never asleep.
Though given to crying, I'm ne'er known to weep.
Addicted to murder, no assassin am I.
Though always expiring, I never can die.
In fire, in water, in earth and in air;
In all parts of creation I have a good share.
Though not in the ocean, I'm seen in the water.
Though not in the battle, I'm always in slaughter.
I dwell with the army, yet curious to say,
With the coward as oft as the bravest I stay.
Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a plane oblique-angled triangle the difference of the two sides is 10 rods, and the included angle 110 degrees; the perpendicular drawn from the vortex to the base 40 rods. Required—the base and area of the triangle.
J. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, whose whole fortune is $300, bets with B that if a penny is thrown up it will fall head up; B bets $20 that it will not fall head up. What must A bet that the relative value of his fortune shall be $300 after the bet, before the game is decided? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why were the Egyptians good sons? Ans.—Because they paid great respect to their *mummies*.

☞ Why is a doll like jelly? Ans.—Because it is made with *eyes in glass*.

☞ Why is Eugenie a sleepy empress? Ans.—Because she loves her Nap.

☞ How can you make the hours go fast? Ans.—By using the "spur of the moment."

☞ What are you always to morrow you can't be to-day? Ans.—Older.

☞ When should an innkeeper visit a forge? Ans.—When he wants a bar made (bar-maid)

☞ How many peas in a pint? Ans.—One P.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Necessity is the mother of invention." ENIGMA—"The Mutual Consolation Society." RIDDLE—Neptune.

Of Flirtation.—Between two persons who are flirting there should be entire loyalty and union in defence of each other, and great promptness in making any third party effectually repent of any kind of interference. However much they may chastise, aggrieve, or contend with each other, they should permit none else to do so. With regard to their mutual operations, there can be no limits laid down. Tantalising up to torment is not only allowable but often advisable. A little cruelty is what the grater is to the lemon; but, whatever degree of pressure or even torment is exercised, there should be the utmost generosity observed in concealing the victory from the world. Manner should be courteous, significant, and suggestive. It must be, when needful, reverential on the part of a man, admiring and appreciating in a woman.

☞ Dr. South begins a sermon on this text, "The wages of sin is death" as follows: "Poor wages, indeed, that a man can't live by."

☞ Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it.

☞ A Friendly Exchange.—As a passenger was leaning out of a car window at Norwalk depot, a seedy individual on the outside, just as the train started, exchanged hats with him, obtaining a new castor in place of a dilapidated glazed cap, which he coolly placed upon his victim's head, and walked off. The passenger rushed for the back end of the car, but it was too late.

☞ By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.

☞ Love is of the nature of a burning-glass, which kept still in one place, burns; changed often, it is powerless.

☞ A young girl in Manchester, N. H., caught her foot in her hoop skirt, fell down stairs and was killed.